# The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1893.

## The Week.

WITH the action of the House in putting an end to the silver misery, the country may well look back with astonished gratification at the rapid march of events. Three years ago everybody was dickering for the votes of the silver States, and the only uncertainty was how soon the demand for free coinage would sweep everything before it. Eighteen months ago the coolest observers thought the chances favored free coinage, and we certainly escaped from it only by the narrowest squeak. Now that peril is past for ever, and, despite the hollow boasts of the angry Populists and Populist-Democrats, it is clear that the question of the standard of value is definitively settled in this country, and that all attempts to reopen it will be futile in the face of the sure diversion of popular interest to the tariff and administrative economy and reform. The great change has come with a swiftness and completeness unexampled. Like the immense popular revulsion on the tariff question, it is in part, no doubt, a result of the condition of arrested development in which all fiscal and financial matters were so long held by political forces growing out of the war. When it was at last possible to vote on the tariff and the currency without having the question thrust in your face whether you wanted to reward treason and reënslave the negroes, the dammed-up waters came out with a rush.

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President Andrews chooses this auspicious occasion to inform his anxious friends that, in his opinion, the free coinage of silver at a ratio of 20 to 1 "would be safe." The processes of reasoning by which he arrives at this conclusion it would be interesting to examine, if the conclusion itself were any longer of conceivable human interest. The proper rôle for President Andrews, at present, would appear to be that of one who has left off making predictions, and is calmly waiting for the fulfilment of those he has already made. It was not long ago that he told us that the repeal of the Sherman act would "bring England to her knees" in frantic appeal to the United States to join her in doing something for silver. Only a fortnight ago Mr. Moreton Frewen said in this city that "if you stop purchases we shall have a panic in London." He and President Andrews should spare us further prophecies and hypotheses until their advertised kneeling and panic come off.

The effect of repeal upon political conditions in the South remains to be seen, but there are already signs that it will infuse spirit into the more intelligent class of Democrats, and weaken rather than strengthen the Populists. In South Carolina, Wade Hampton announces his readiness to organize national Democratic clubs throughout the State, and draw the line between those who stand on the Ocala (Populist) platform and those who stand on that of the national Democracy. It was a sad day for the State when that wave of demagogism swept over it which deposed Hampton from the Senate and put Irby in his place, and it would be still more unfortunate if Butler should succeed in his apparent purpose to save himself by virtually turning Populist while still claiming to be a Democrat. Such success as the third party has achieved in the South has been due largely to the cowardice of public men who knew its dangers, and should have fought and could have crushed it. They should take courage from the example of Wade Hampton.

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While Senator Sherman was being introduced to the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce on Friday afternoon as "the one man who, more than all others, had been instrumental in repealing the purchase clause of the silver act," Senator Voorhees at Washington was stating the exact truth when he said in an interview:

> "The darkest hour for the bill was after Senator Sherman's famous interview, a month ago, in which he encouraged its enemies and discouraged its friends by declaring, in the strongest terms, that unconditional repeal could never pass the Senate. I felt that blow more than any other in the long contest, and in my judgment it prolonged the fight at least two weeks."

No one can doubt this who had anyacquaintance with the inside of the Senate fight. All the talking against time and all the filibustering were only a grand kicking up of the dust, under cover of which the bargaining for a compromise was busily going on. To help the scheming along, Senator Sherman gave out that nothing but a compromise could possibly pass. If he had stood up squarely for unconditional repeal, and lent no countenance to the sappers and miners, they would have surrendered weeks before they did. The Ohio Senator comes out of the long contest with no part of his reputation heightened except his inveterate tendency to compromise away his convictions. That element of his fame was already securely established.

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The Senator who brings most credit out of the struggle is a comparatively new member from the young State of Wyoming, Joseph M. Carey, who comes from a mining section and yet voted against the mining interest because he thought it his duty so to do. He made this admirable statement of his position before casting his vote:

> "I believe that a man who comes to this body should come prepared to vote as his conscience dictates. I shall never cast a vote here where I shall have to apologize to my own conscience. If this vote shall result in my political overthrow, I would rather be a free man and do what I think is right, than a United States Senator who yields to popular clamor."

Mr. Carey is a native of Delaware and a graduate of Union College in New York, but has lived in Wyoming for twenty-five years, having held the offices of district attorney, justice of the Supreme Court, and delegate in Congress before his election as one of the first Senators upon the admission of the Territory as a State in 1890, his term expiring in 1895. He may not get another term, but, if he does not, he can retire with a clear conscience and a sense of self-respect.

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We have not observed that any reporter has thought it worth while to get the opinion of ex-President Harrison on the repeal of the Sherman law. In this city last summer he expressed amiable doubts about Mr. Cleveland's ability to drive "his wild team," which was certainly a very appropriate phrase in the mouth of a man who had never had any difficulty in driving *his* team, for the simple reason that he always gave them their heads even when making straight for a precipice. The party managers who hitched up the silver wild horses of 1890 did not have to take the driver into account at all, or, as Senator Sherman has more elegantly expressed it, they did not think that Harrison ought to have the "responsibility" of vetoing a bad bill laid upon him. If he had been in the White House two weeks ago, when the grand Gorman-Sherman compromise was at last put on view, the contrivers of it would not have troubled themselves to ask whether the President would sign it or smash it.

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It is denied from Washington that any order has been given for "coining the seigniorage" of the silver bullion now in the Treasury. The question is still under advisement, especially in its legal aspects. The law is very much complicated by the recent repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman act, and the points in controversy might baffle the keenest legal intellects in the country. A telegram to the Philadelphia *Ledger* states these controverted points in the following manner:

> "(1.) Must a sum equal to the amount of Treasury notes issued be coined before the seigniorage can be utilized? (2.) Can Treasury notes be issued against the seigniorage? (3.) Has the Secretary authority to cancel Trea-

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sury notes when redeemed under the provisions of the third section of the Sherman act?"

Whatever opinions the legal profession might hold on these questions, we think that all persons who were conversant with the legislation of 1890, *i. e.*, the Sherman act, will agree that the intention of Congress was to keep all the silver bought after July 1, 1891, in the form of bullion until it should become necessary to coin it in order to redeem *in silver dollars* the Treasury notes issued against it. "*As much* as may be necessary to provide for the redemption of the Treasury notes herein provided for" cannot mean *more* than may be necessary for the purpose. The clause in the same law which declares it to be the policy of the United States to keep the two metals on a parity with each other has been officially and properly construed to require the redemption of the Treasury notes in gold if the holders desire gold. If we can imagine any holder of such notes presenting them in order to get silver dollars in exchange for them, then the Secretary is directed to coin as much of the bullion as may be necessary for this purpose, but no more. Any construction of the law which goes beyond this, will exceed the intentions of the Congress that enacted it.

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One chapter of this year's panic history closed November 1st in the cancellation of the last clearing-house loan certificates. The first of these certificates were issued in New York during the third week of June. Within a few weeks New York's example had been followed by the clearing-houses of Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, and Pittsburgh. Chicago alone of the great banking centres failed to resort to this emergency measure, and though in the stress of local panic a resolution authorizing such issue was passed by the Chicago clearing-house, none of the banks made use of its provisions. From the middle of June to the closing week of August, the issue of loan certificates was continuous, the maximum issue, reached at the latter date, being $38,280,000 in New York and $11,040,000 in Boston. How great was the need of such banding together of the city banks' resources may be judged from the fact that, within these two months, bank deposits in New York decreased no less than $32,526,300. It was impossible to contract the loans in equal measure without causing general wreck, and the certificates were used solely to maintain and extend the loans of hard-pressed borrowers. Towards the close of August, the hoarding of money and the needs of debtors had increased to such an extent that the loans and discounts of the New York clearing-house banks exceeded the total deposits by $39,592,200, almost exactly the measure of the loan certificates outstanding. The ending of the panic and the return of public confidence have now restored a monetary equilibrium. Loans made on the basis of the clearing-house certificates have either been paid off or renewed from the actual deposit funds of the individual banks. Since September's opening, the loan account of the New York city banks has in the aggregate been only slightly contracted, but the deposits have increased by $59,251,600. The working of the loan-certificate issues this year has been a particularly noteworthy experiment in bank finance. This safe and easy expansion and contraction of the available money supply, according as the needs of the day dictated, furnishes, moreover, some useful principles for future consideration in the bank-currency discussion.

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It is obvious to everybody that, whatever the cause of Tuesday's overthrow in this State, whether hard times or machine politics, the Administration would have come in for some of the credit and avoided all the discredit of it by a closer adherence to the policy which Mr. Cleveland traced out in many speeches and letters before his inauguration. There are a great many people who say that adherence to civil-service reform does nothing for a party; but does adherence to the spoils system? This question has often been answered at the polls in the negative, but never more impressively than on Tuesday. We can understand Mr. Cleveland's unwillingness to quarrel openly with the Hill ring, but what was the use of giving the principal post-office in the country to a politician who was ostentatious in announcing that in filling places he gave a preference to Tammany men? Where would have been the harm of keeping the anti-snapper element in the Democratic party in his confidence and taking its advice, instead of somewhat conspicuously keeping it at a distance? The indifference, to use a mild word, to the anti-snapper element on the part of the Administration seems to have been based on the idea that there are no such things as Democratic Mugwumps, and that good Democrats can be counted on to vote the ticket with unfaltering regularity. Well, 30,000 Democrats in this city alone failed to vote it on Tuesday, which shows that there are limits to their endurance, and that their moral sense needs to be more or less pandered to. We do not suppose many, if any, votes turned solely on the Van Alen or Roosevelt appointments, or on the general "revel in spoils" which has gone on all over the country. But they have undoubtedly deepened the impression of Democratic incompetency and hypocrisy and dishonesty which the general situation has created. The spectacle of Mr. Cleveland struggling with the spoils system would have helped to build up a respect for the Democratic party among the decent and intelligent classes—the absence of which is now its greatest difficulty in keeping in power; but no such spectacle has been forthcoming.

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The result of the elections outside of New York, where special and peculiar conditions existed growing out of the nomination of Maynard, must be ascribed mainly to the financial panic of last summer and the consequent hard times. Large numbers of workmen were thrown out of employment, and great suffering fell upon them. Few of them could understand the silver question. All were ready to give ear to the statement that apprehended changes of the tariff had brought about the disastrous condition. If this condition were really all owing to that cause, it ought to have arisen as soon as the result of the Presidential election was made known. The tariff was the great issue of that campaign. Mr. Cleveland was elected upon that issue distinctly. If it contained the elements of a panic, they ought to have manifested themselves at once. They did not. Business continued to be good until the Treasury's gold balance fell below the $100,000,000, and the people began to fear that the silver basis so long threatened was actually in sight. Shortly after this happened silver was demonetized in India, and this added to the prevailing distrust. The panic came. The Democratic party was in power, and it had to take the consequences. The repeal of the Sherman act came too late to have much effect on the fall trade, and it showed the majority party to be equally divided, one half for repeal and one half against it. In this particular they have been properly punished. In the other they are the victims of accident. It was an accident that the silver panic came at a time and in a way so that it could be laid at the door of a change in the tariff which the country had voted for, but which had not yet been enacted or formulated.

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Vote-buying in Indiana is made an expensive luxury by a law which was passed in 1889 and has been sustained by a recent decision of the Supreme Court of the State. Under its provisions any elector who has been bribed to vote or refrain from voting can bring suit against his briber or bribers and recover $300 and "reasonable attorney's fees for collecting the same." A man who sold his vote for $10 in the election of 1890 brought suit under this law, and the lower court held it invalid, on the ground that he did not come into court with clean hands, and should not be allowed to benefit by his wrong-doing. The case was therefore carried to the Supreme Court, which reversed the decision of the lower court, sustained the law, and awarded the plaintiff his $300 and attorney's fees. In rendering

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its decision the court held that a man who has been bribed has suffered a grievous wrong; that he has been induced to barter away his honor, manhood, and political freedom and sovereignty, and is thereby entitled to some redress; that the Legislature has a right to give this redress, and thus incidentally aid in the enforcement of the laws against election bribery. If this case becomes a precedent, as it is very likely to do, since men who sell their votes are actuated by mercenary motives and will get all they can out of the business, the practice of vote-buying will have to be continued in Indiana under most trying conditions.

M. Turrettini, one of the French civil engineers who went to Chicago during the Fair, has communicated to a Swiss paper—the *Journal de Genève*—a memorandum he made of Mayor Carter Harrison's address to them when he received them. In it the mayor is made to say that though the French engineers had done great things, the Americans would soon beat them; that he himself was not an engineer, but directed their labors; that he was, however, head of the firemen and put out fires, and head of the police, and could put any of them he pleased into jail, and let them out when he thought proper; that he had every sort of power; that some people thought he was head of the clergy, but this was a mistake; that they might think him a very great man, which was true; that he was the greatest man in Chicago, and Chicago was the first city of Illinois, and Illinois the first State of the Union, and the Union the greatest country in the world; he was, therefore, the greatest man in the world; that he had made the tour of the globe, visiting Paris, the Champs Élysées, Rome, the Vatican, the Seven Hills, the Acropolis, and Moscow, and had seen nothing like the White City. The *Journal de Genève*, commenting on this stuff, which it reproduces in all its "fatuité naïve," says that "it is far more instructive about things in America than any number of essays." We do not believe Mayor Harrison said these things as here reported, but he probably said things very like them. He was fond of humorous exaggeration, and he doubtless thought this mode of introducing himself to the Frenchmen a capital joke. To them, on the contrary, it was like the address of an African chief to European travellers, which, as the *Journal de Genève* truly remarks, there is no use in their trying to understand.

The Princeton faculty have taken very proper action regarding the football game with Yale in this city on Thanksgiving day. They cordially approve the action of the football management in requesting the municipal authorities of New York to arrest any students who may be found guilty of disorderly conduct; they appeal to the college alumni to "exert their influence in every way possible to redeem the game from these objectionable features"; and they serve warning that, should these efforts prove ineffectual in reforming the evils, "they must at once take into consideration the question of forbidding the game in New York on that day." They announce, further, that the Thanksgiving recess will end at midnight of Thursday, November 30, and that all students must be back in Princeton by that hour, unless a prolongation of the absence to the following noon has been previously secured upon the written request of the parent or guardian. It is unfortunate and discreditable that the faculty of a university should be compelled to take such steps as these in order to preserve decorum among its students on a holiday, but it would be infinitely more discreditable if the authorities of the institution had longer condoned the offences which have grown so notorious.

Redmond, the leader of the minority of the Irish party, has given notice to Mr. Gladstone that he must not count on the votes of his wing—about a dozen in all—unless he brings in the home-rule bill again in the spring. There is a certain importance in this, because, though there would still remain a ministerial majority, it would hardly be large enough for the conduct of business without extraordinary efforts on the part of the Liberal whips to keep members in attendance. But there is no good reason for believing that, should Mr. Gladstone continue in active service, the bill will not be introduced. Of all the Liberal measures this is the one which he has most at heart, and there can hardly be a doubt that should he be in office next February the bill will be sent to the Lords again next year. That the Lords will again reject it is, of course, certain, and it is generally believed in London that, when it is rejected, there will be a dissolution and a general election next autumn. The Liberals are generally prepared for this course of things, and are, therefore, most anxious to pass at least the parish-councils bill and the employers'-liability bill before dissolving, so that the session shall not seem utterly barren to English electors.

Whether they ought to venture before the electors with the clause in the home-rule bill which keeps more than eighty Irish members in the British Parliament, is a point on which there is considerable variety of opinion. In the first bill of 1886 the Irish members were wholly excluded. The critics of the bill then said that this meant total separation, and even Mr. Chamberlain offered to vote for it if the Irish members were retained. Mr. Gladstone gave way to the clamor, and put the Irish members back again, and now the clamor is greater than ever, for, say his enemies, he is going to let Irishmen meddle in English and Scotch affairs, and will not let English and Scotchmen meddle in theirs. There is no doubt that the retention of the Irish is hard to defend, and will be used against the Liberals in the coming canvass much more effectively than their exclusion could have been, and it is quite within the bounds of probability that this feature of the bill will be abandoned when it is next introduced. There is, of course, no way of making the bill acceptable to the Conservatives—though it ought to be as non-contentious as the parish-councils bill; but it is almost as certain as anything can be in politics, that they will eventually bring in a home-rule bill of their own. They did this about the corn laws and about the extension of the suffrage, and they will do it now with greater reason—seeing that, with 85 recalcitrant Irish in the House of Commons, the game of politics, under English rules, cannot be carried on.

The ignominious downfall of Count Taaffe terminates the shuffling, characterless policy which for fourteen years he has been able to pursue by relying on combinations of Clericals and Feudalists, Liberal Germans and Poles. All of these parties deserted him when he finally sprang upon the Reichsrath his bill for the extension of the suffrage—an extraordinary measure, socialistic in its effect even if not in its motive, the evil of which is sure to live after him. It seems that the Emperor, who was loath to part with his favorite, was forced to yield to the representations of Count Kálnoky, who became alarmed at the danger to the Triple Alliance resulting from the remodelling of the House of Deputies in conformity with Taaffe's bill. The extension of the suffrage would have been certain to strengthen the Slavic and clerical elements to such a degree as to give them a majority, inimical to the alliance with Germany and Italy. Although Taaffe was willing to drop his bill at the last moment, his utter isolation rendered his retirement inevitable. He is succeeded by Prince Windischgrätz, who, although a Feudalist, has shown himself a man of character, and, though a large landed proprietor in Bohemia, has held out firmly against the patriotic ravings of the Young Czechs, to which so many members of the Bohemian aristocracy succumbed. From the coalition ministry which he has formed the Czechs derive no encouragement whatever, while the Poles, the German Liberals, and the Feudalists capture each two seats.

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### THE TARIFF AND THE CONSULS.

We believe that every advocate of tariff reform looks for, and has all along looked for, an increase of our exports as a result of the new policy. In fact, it is one of the elementary truths of the low-tariff gospel that you cannot have large imports without large exports. Exports pay for imports. The state of things in which foreigners dump their goods on our wharves for nothing, or in which Americans refuse to export goods unless they are paid in gold or silver, is now one of the well-recognized chimeras of financial science. No one is any longer taken in by it. Whether it be owing to original sin or not we cannot say, but the fact is that the minute you lower the tariff in any country in the world, the trade between the natives and the foreigners becomes more active. So it has always been, and so it will be with us. Consequently, our tariff-reform agitation has meant from the beginning a larger intercourse with both the European and South American States, in which, unless we are greatly mistaken, Americans are likely to get the best of the bargain.

This being true, our manner of selecting our consuls in foreign centres of trade and industry becomes more and more important. We venture on the assertion that there have never been, among the advocates of tariff reform, many who did not look forward to consular reform as a necessary adjunct or accompaniment of tariff reform. One of a consul's most important duties is the making of reports on the markets and productions of the countries to which he is accredited. He ought to be the greatest aid to the American buyer or seller in foreign countries. We say nothing here of his duties in protecting the United States custom-house from fraud, or in enforcing our immigration and quarantine regulations. We are considering him simply as the agent and helpmate of the United States producers and dealers. As such it is difficult to overestimate his importance. He ought to stand as high, as regards education and character, and as regards the dignity and security of his office, as the consuls of any of our competitors—England, France, or Germany, for instance. He should know the language of the country to which he is accredited. He should be familiar with its manners and customs, with its legislation relating to tariff and emigration. His tenure of office should be such as to relieve him from anxiety about the ups and downs of home politics, and to make his growing experience the property and profit of his own people. Though last not least, he should, in cases of marked superiority, ascertained by actual service, be promoted to better posts under the same tests of fitness.

In this view of the consular service, in connection with tariff reform, we have, we are glad to say, the hearty concurrence of the Boston Merchants' Association. At their meeting held on Wednesday of last week a report on the consular service, and Mr. Quincy's dealings with it, was read by the chairman, Mr. Jonathan A. Lane. After going over Mr. Quincy's action and the excuses for it, the report remarked:

> "Moreover, if they [the consuls] are, as they should be, earnest promoters of increased commercial intercourse between the countries, they naturally fall into the belief that a moderate tariff is best, as it certainly does tend to increase the business and enlarge the returns of their consulates. There is no need of this constant displacement of tried and proved competent men because at one time they belonged to a party which, in the turn of events, is out and not in power."

The report also recommended some action in coöperation with the Chambers of Commerce of Boston and New York, to urge on the State Department the creation of "a perfect digest of every consulate, to the end that it may be fortified against unfit applicants," and on Congress "the adoption of some plan for the legal recognition of merit in the consular service." How necessary this is may be inferred from the fact that the great bulk of Quincy's appointments were made without any knowledge whatever of the applicants, except what was furnished by the "influence," *i. e.*, the member of Congress who recommended them. There is no information except this on file at the State Department. The course of proceeding seems to have been simply to let every congressman of the party get what he could out of the heap for the man who had worked hardest for him in Mississippi or Arkansas. In other words, each place was filled on the recommendation of the person most interested in deceiving the department about the qualifications of the candidate.

That the Chambers of Commerce would have the hearty support of the President in bringing about the proposed change, there is, Quincy notwithstanding, every reason to believe. He cannot, we say confidently, have approved of this young gentleman's activity. He is committed to the principle of civil-service reform in every way that can bind an honorable man. He spoke in its favor in 1882, when accepting the nomination for governor; in 1884, in his letter accepting the nomination for President; in 1888, in his letter accepting renomination; in 1885, in his inaugural address; in 1882, in his letter to the New York Civil-Service Association; in 1884, in his second message to the New York Legislature; in 1884, in a letter as Presidential candidate to the New York Civil-Service Reform Association; in the same year, in a letter to the Civil-Service Reform League; in 1885, in his letter accepting the resignation of Dorman B. Eaton; in 1885, in his first annual message to Congress; in 1886, in his second annual message; in 1893, in his inaugural address. On all these occasions and a great many others the President gave in his unqualified adhesion to the doctrine that the business of the government should be conducted on business principles, and that fitness, and *nothing else*, should be the qualification for the public service. The Chambers of Commerce, therefore, should they take the matter up, may see with what confidence they could approach him on this subject.

### THE FUTURE OF SILVER-MINING.

The Senators and Representatives opposed to the repeal bill were of two general classes, those desiring "cheap money" and those whose constituents were interested in the mining of silver. It has been the belief of these latter that the profitableness of silver-mining and its very existence depended upon finding a market in the United States Treasury for the greater part of their product at artificial prices. They thought that the purchases by the federal Government under the Bland-Allison law and then under the Sherman act would carry the price of silver up to $1.29 per ounce, or to parity with gold at our ratio. In this they were greatly disappointed.

What now will be the effect of the passage of the repeal bill upon mining and the price of silver? Following out their old reasoning, the honest advocates of that metal are predicting general distress as well as ruin to the business of silver-mining, and consequently to the silver-producing States. Perhaps not all of them, while repeal was pending, believed that the prospect was as dark as they painted it. Perhaps they felt under the necessity of taking the blackest possible view in order to prevent some more dismal prophet, like Gov. Waite, from outbidding them for the votes of ignorant people. Senator Teller, for example, is not a baby, yet his final speech on the repeal bill was a most childish lamentation. One might think, after reading it, that the Senator and all of his constituents were about to enter Dante's Inferno and forever leave hope behind. Neither Mr. Teller nor any silver advocate addressed himself to the actual condition of things, or attempted to show what would be the consequence of simply adhering to it. The actual condition was demonetization by India, and uncertainty as to the future action of the United States—these two main factors having resulted in a price for silver of about 73 cents per ounce. Neither Mr. Teller nor any of his colleagues ever said that they considered that condition a happy one. Nor did they ever say how or at what time they ever expected to reach a happier one. The only thing they could tell us was that repeal would make their condition in a general way much worse than it was before.

Neither their earlier nor their later prediction has been verified. Their earlier one, that the price of silver under the Sherman act would rise to $1.29 per

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ounce, was based upon the idea that an enlarged and artificial demand would not lead to increased production. Their later one, that the withdrawal of the artificial demand would lead to a great decline of price, has been equally falsified. The non-paying mines, it is true, are closed. There is no harm in that. The paying ones have hitherto been operated at too high a cost. In many of the mines whose cost of production is really low, a number of hangers-on or superfluous officers have been employed, usually friends of the management, whose principal duty was to prevent the stockholders from getting excessive dividends. The miners' union, too, has been one of the strongest of trade associations, whose object was to share in the bounty accorded by the federal Government to silver by demanding for the men and receiving twice the wages ruling in other employments. One result of the stoppage of Government purchases will be to reduce the pay-rolls of the mining companies to the general level. Moreover, the business pressure which other manufactories feel, but from which silver-mining has been exempt, will stimulate invention, not only in the mechanical handling of ore, but in all directions. Of course, we must expect a period of adjustment, during which prices may fluctuate and losses, perhaps, be incurred; but we are justified in looking forward to a fairly profitable trade in silver—as profitable certainly as the mining of iron or of gold.

To begin with, there is the fact that quotations for silver have not sensibly declined since the passage of the repeal bill. After the closing of the India mints silver fell to 62 cents per ounce. Thereupon arose the heavy demand from Asia which, London being bare of stocks, sent the price up to 78 cents. It then fell slowly, and the average price during the late summer in New York was 73. On November 1 the quotation was 68½ cents, while now it stands at about 70, having actually advanced a few points on the announcement of repeal. This would indicate that the whole theory of the silver-mine owners in their fight for federal protection was founded on a misconception, and that the Government purchases were really a hindrance to the industry, giving it a false bottom and "rigging the market" in the face and eyes of the world. Certainly no legislative action of ours could alter the fact that nations which include a large portion of the human race will continue to use and to buy silver.

The repeal of the Sherman act has affected but a small part of the world's demand for silver. The fall in price last summer stimulated this demand, while the speculative quotations now ruling for silver bullion seem to reflect the opinion of London and New York brokers that the production of the American mines will find a market at a certain price not far from the present quotations. Whichever view of the future price we may take, the broad fact remains that there exists and always will exist a demand for silver bullion, which the American mines can easily and profitably supply. Colorado will not lose her mining industry, nor the people dependent upon it their business. The collapse of credit has hurt that State far more than any temporary or forced stoppage of silver-mining; for the latter when on a commercial footing will have a better basis than before. All the evidence we have leads to the conclusion that the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman act will work no real harm to silver-mining; rather will in the end benefit it. There is therefore good ground for the belief that the silver advocates who have been contending as they thought for the very life of silver-mining, have in reality been fighting a mere shadow, a foe which existed only in their own imaginations.

## *A NAVY WITH INTERROGATION POINTS.*

THE chagrin of the Navy Department and of the warrior press over the blunders just brought to light in the construction of the new war-ships is but natural. After the succession of patriotic thrills with which we have been called upon to witness the launching of our "commerce-destroyers" and formidable fighting machines, it is somewhat disheartening to find that five out of the seven commissioned within the twelvemonth are topheavy and unsafe, and must be radically made over. Only the other day Secretary Herbert was represented as breathing a sigh of relief at the safe arrival of the *Detroit* at Rio de Janeiro. She was despatched thither to strike terror to the hearts of foreign intermeddlers, but was so notoriously unseaworthy that it was considered about an even chance whether she would not founder on the way. The chiefs of the various naval bureaus are actively laying the blame for the bungling upon each other, but the practical question of interest to the country is, Why go ahead spending millions on ships which are certain to be obsolete in ten years, even if they are devoid of blunders in construction which make it doubtful if they will float at all?

An answer to this question is given in the last number of the *Engineering Magazine*, in which Lieut. W. H. Jaques, U. S. N., writes of "The United States Navy of 1893." In his article we find a most naïve revelation of the spirit pervading the Navy Department. He admits that all the principal problems of naval construction "are yet surrounded by interrogation points." He acknowledges that "already some of our types seem obsolete." But, he observes:

"This is not unnatural, and should not for a moment stop the good work. On the contrary, it should be an encouragement for further development in the sciences of naval architecture and ordnance, for the granting of more opportunities to the minds who have already accomplished so much, and larger appropriations for the employment of native labor and for the spread of the technical education that is so valuable to the nation and its people."

We may very likely be in for such disasters as overtook the *Victoria*, on account of her "instability and improper distribution of weights"; but never mind that. Our naval constructors must learn by experience, and every such calamity makes it less likely that the next one will come in exactly the same way.

In other words, the view of Lieut. Jaques, and presumably that of the department which he represents, is that the building of war-ships is principally in order to furnish material for repeated experiments. He takes the detached and impartial attitude of a scientist, and reminds one of the physicians who will grow enthusiastic over a "beautiful case" of hydrocephalus, and speak positively of "a most successful operation," irrespective of the fact that the patient died. What does it matter that the *Detroit* had to lie to for two days on her way from Hampton Roads to Barbados, all on account of her faulty construction? We ought to be thankful that the department will not now build any more ships of *that* kind, and that the science of naval architecture is by so much advanced.

In one candid and delightful paragraph, Lieut. Jaques commits himself completely to the doctrine that men-of-war are built principally to furnish occupation to the builders and designers. Speaking of conflicting views among naval experts and of frequent changes of model, he argues:

"These rapid changes are frequently used as arguments for inaction, but they are much less frequent than the returns of hunger that we do not hesitate to satisfy; separated by much greater periods than the seasons for which we provide constantly changing forms and qualities of clothing. But our attention to them is no less important, and the benefits to our industries and people not less useful; as an education, an occupation, a provision for adding to the usefulness and happiness and general benefit of our people; a safeguard and protection against the evils of the wars for which they are designed. Let us hope that these splendid engines may not be needed for other than purposes of occupation, education, discipline."

This is nothing less than the doctrine of final causes which Henry Crabb Robinson reports a Jena professor to have held, namely, that doctors did not exist because of disease, but that there were diseases precisely in order that there might be doctors, and quarrelling litigants in order that there might be lawyers, and miserable sinners in order that there might be clergymen. The lieutenant pushes the thing one step further, and says that war vessels are to be built in order that there may be occupation and education for those who build them.

What is involved for the taxpayers of the country in this amusement of the

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constructors is pretty clearly intimated by Lieut. Jaques when he refers to the ridiculously small number of new ships now provided for by law. He says that "these will go but an infinitesimal way towards utilizing the facilities of our many shipbuilding plants." That is to say, if we *can* build ships we *must* build ships. Have not the shipbuilding plants been established in reliance upon the Government to keep them supplied with orders? Have they not a "vested interest" in new cruisers and torpedo-boats and harbor-defenders, and will it not be a breach of faith to make them turn for a living to the building of vulgar merchantmen? We do not see how any true believer in protection can oppose this logical extension of it, and we think the shipbuilders would be justified in getting up a Chilian war-scare every year in order to force a reluctant Congress to vote new ships, as some of them were heard to assert that they had done last year.

Meanwhile, it is likely that a well-informed Washington correspondent is right in predicting that the President's annual message will contain cold comfort for those who want a lot more of naval playthings. With the severest economy absolutely necessary, it is probable that we shall see a great revival of that "prairie idea of a navy" which is so heartrending to all fighting editors. It will doubtless give them acute inward pain, but we fear they will have to accustom themselves to a navy merely sufficient to do our official business, and not one filled with costly failures, or large enough to whip England with one hand tied behind our back.

## AN IDEAL CAMPING-PLACE.

TROUT LAKE, WASHINGTON, August, 1893.

THERE are many excellent trouting and tenting-places in the vicinity of the Oregon and Washington snow peaks, some near the glacial streams at their bases, others part way up their slopes—diverse Trout Lakes and Lost Lakes. Perhaps none of these combines so many advantages as Trout Lake near the foot of Mount Adams. It is reached from Portland by taking the Columbia River boat (ten hours) as far as White Salmon station, where a farmer can be easily induced to hitch up his team and take you to the lake in seven more hours. The Columbia River locks, unluckily, are not yet completed, and passengers are still subjected at the Cascades to the vexatious delay incident to unloading the freight from the lower to the upper steamer. Some changes have been made in the details within the last few years. The Union Pacific boats have been taken off the upper Columbia, so that those who wish to see that part of the river, as far as the Dalles, are obliged to take the boat of the Dalles, Portland and Astoria Navigation Company. The Union Pacific boats used to land on the Washington side of the river and transfer passengers and freight to the upper steamer by means of a primitive railway of about six miles. The new line takes its lower boat five miles further up the river, plunging boldly into the foaming cascades and landing on the Oregon side, where the locks begin, and whence it is less than a mile by rail to the placid safe water above the Cascades. The delay is about the same in both cases, but the trip up the rapids into the lower half of the Cascades—and down again on the return trip—is almost as exciting as shooting the rapids of the St. Lawrence River near Montreal. The disadvantage is that the long-continued rocking of the lower boat while it is being loaded, on the down trip, makes some very sensitive women and, it is said, even a few men, seasick—just at lunch-time, too.

At certain places and in some states of the weather this river does not need the aid of these rapids to make passengers seasick. I have often seen white caps on the upper Columbia, and surging billows as on our great lakes during a storm, with the spray dashing over the bow of the steamer. It is easy to account for this tempestuous wind, which in midsummer is almost of daily occurrence and always blows up the river. Eastern Oregon and Washington are largely a vast desert; where the summer thermometer ranges above a hundred. The hot air rising upward sucks in the cooler ocean and mountain air of western Oregon and Washington through the gap which the Columbia has found in the Cascade Mountains on its way to the Pacific. On the banks of the river this wind sometimes blows so violently that farmers are unable to load their hay, the wind unloading it as fast as it is pitched on the wagon. Squalls are as sudden as on mountain lakes, and residents on the upper Columbia dread crossing in small boats.

Along this "upper" part of the Columbia the scenery is as wild as the wind and waves; it is even more attractive than that between the Cascades and Portland; yet there is danger that in a year or two there may be no boat from which tourists can see and admire it. The Union Pacific Railroad is warring on the new steamboat line which was established by Dalles merchants to reduce extravagant freight rates to Portland. The railroad has now cut rates to an unprofitable point, in order to "freeze out" the boat, and many farmers are shortsighted enough to desert their friend for a momentary advantage. If the railroad company succeeds and returns to its old rates, no one will pity the foolish farmers, but it would be a shame not to have a single passenger steamer on the most romantic and bracing section of our grandest river, were it only until the locks are completed.

White Salmon Landing is simply a sandy curve of the bank encircled by a few trees. Here is some of the most fertile bottom-land, with several farmers to cultivate it. Grape-vines flourish on the hot hillsides, and the young orchards are laden with fruit, entirely free from the worm which has done so much harm to the old Oregon apple orchards. The road to Trout Lake is a good one, and although the lake is 1,740 feet above the river, the ascent, except at the beginning, is so gradual as to be almost imperceptible. Settlers are few and very far between. After leaving the stores of White Salmon village, campers will have no more opportunity to lay in supplies except such as farmers can spare them. Along the whole road of twenty-eight miles there are but half-a-dozen visible farms and log-cabin "claims." Nor will you meet more than two or three teams, or perhaps a squaw with her pappoose behind her on horseback, smiling pleasantly as you nod to her, and probably on her way to buy provisions at the Dalles for her party engaged in fishing the white salmon—a small and inferior variety of that royal fish, which white folks do not usually deign to eat. The White Salmon, in which they flourish, is a turbid stream issuing from a glacier fed by Mount Adams. It is too deep and rapid for fording, and is crossed about half way up on a bridge near some low falls. Interest on the road centres in the magnificent forest, now dense with underbrush like an Indian jungle, and again, for miles, like a park—isolated, majestic firs, and yellow pines, without underbrush—strikingly resembling the Arizona forest near Flagstaff. Bears are occasionally seen to cross this forest road, on their way to the river for a drink or in quest of berries or ants. Here and there the trunk of a tree is seen stripped of its bark by bears in their eager hunt for their favorite titbit, the intelligent ant. Strange that so huge a brute should feed on such tiny insects and equally tiny berries, becoming carnivorous or dangerous only when driven by famine or attack. A few timber-wolves still exist hereabouts, and an occasional cougar. The farmers have a habit of turning loose their horses in the forest for months at a time. Occasionally a colt is eaten by a cougar, but they say that a bell around the colt's neck frightens off the beast of prey. That in such a region there are deer and grouse and other game for sportsmen needs no saying. On the flanks of Mt. Adams a kind of grouse occurs almost as large as a turkey, and the tracks of wild sheep or goats have been seen in the snow.

At frequent intervals along the Trout Lake road we come upon rough mounds of porous rock and sections of lava flow, evidence of the former volcanic activity of Mt. Adams. But among all the sights the pleasantest surprise was the mariposa lily or butterfly tulip, growing here in great abundance. It is equal in beauty to all but one or two of the California varieties, from which it differs in color and in having long narrow streamers between the petals. I have often wondered why some enterprising florist does not endeavor to popularize this loveliest of American flowers in New York. It would surely flourish there, for its climatic range is considerable. I have seen it near Mexico, on temperate Catalina Island, on the floor of the Yosemite Valley, as well as near the snows of Cloud's Rest, and now again as far north as eastern Washington, where it adorns the neighborhood of Trout Lake, a region where snow lies many feet deep all winter. Usually this snow disappears early in spring, but last winter the fall was so heavy that it did not all melt till May, and the grand neighboring mountain still had its upper mantle almost without black summer patches as late as mid-August.

On arriving at the lake we obtained Mr. Hoag's permission to pitch our tent in the shade of a group of cottonwood trees flourishing on the moist bank of the creek which flows from the lake. It is an ideal site for a tent—Mt. Adams from top to base in full view on one side and on the other some lower crests and forest-clad flanks of the Cascade Range. Hay for beds and wood for fuel can be obtained at a moment's notice, and water, cold as artesian, dipped from the creek whenever needed, nor is it the muddy outflow of a glacier, but pure spring water. There is no butcher's meat to be had, but plenty of spring chickens, eggs, butter, and vegetables at country prices, all of which, combined with an unlimited supply of trout, quite suffices to avert a Russian famine, even though your "stove" consists of a hole in the ground, a few rocks, and a square piece of sheet-iron. For dessert you can buy berries of the farmers (currants are here almost as large, individually and in clusters, as Delaware grapes), or pick thimble-berries or service-ber-

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ries. The latter are not relished raw by some persons, but stewed they are delicious and curiously like stewed cherries in taste; in appearance they resemble blueberries. There are also huckleberries, Oregon grapes, wild gooseberries, raspberries, and blackberries. A zest is given to the outing appetite by the mountain air, which, although the place is but about 2,000 feet above sea-level, has the exhilarating quality that is usually found only at an elevation of 5,000. It is air which compares with that of the western part of the State as sparkling water does with lake water.

Trouting is less of a "sport" here than it was five years ago; that is, an unprincipled, selfish fellow cannot come here and murder three or four hundred trout in a day for the mere pleasure of catching them and throwing them away. But an expert still can "whip the rough surface for trout" and bag over a hundred a day, provided the surface *is* rough. Fortunately this is a windy region, calm days being the exception, for almost daily the stiff breeze from the Columbia River gap ruffles the surface of Trout Lake and Creek. Yet even in a calm day any fisherman of some slight skill can make sure of enough for his three daily meals. When fishing in the creek, it is well to have two hooks on the line; often a grasshopper, periwinkle, or bit of river-clam tempts when the artificial fly fails. For a larger catch the lake is the best place. A boat can be rented for fifty cents a day, and is necessary, as the water near shore is too shoal; indeed, the whole lake is grass-bottomed and rather shallow, so no danger need be apprehended from sudden gusts of wind. The largest fish known to have been caught here in recent years measured twenty-six inches in length; at present half-pounders are the average size. There are at least two varieties, one with white meat, the other pink, somewhat more juicy and richly flavored than the white.

With such fare, fun, and mountain air the ravages of city life are rapidly repaired. There are no troublesome flies, and although on some nights the sanguinary mosquito comes to claim his tithe, an arch of blue netting over the bed enables you to smile at his frantic musical efforts to gore you in the morning twilight. Hornets come as unbidden guests to the table, but they are harmless if unmolested. Equally harmless are the garter snakes that come boldly in quest of fish-heads and other camp refuse. One day I threw the axe at a big one and cut it in two. Before I could reach the head-piece it escaped into the creek. The next day this half-snake was found calmly basking in the sun, thirty feet from the tent. Rattlesnakes flourish at Hood River and White Salmon, but none has ever been seen within fourteen miles of Trout Lake, which is lucky, as they are said to have a neighborly way of nestling for warmth in the blankets of campers on cold nights. They would appreciate blankets in this region, where the summer nights are always cool and sometimes cold, a midsummer frost not being a curiosity. Yet it is rarely cold enough in the evening to make a camp-fire desirable, except for social and ornamental purposes. Nor is there any danger here of being compelled by rain to spend several days in the tent in shivering discomfort, or to make a board floor to prevent the hay-beds from being inundated. They do have summer rains at Astoria, sometimes at Portland too, but never by any chance in eastern Oregon and Washington, shut off as they are from the moist coast air by the Cascade Mountains. Here, as in southern California, the air is so dry and germ-free that meat escapes taint and milk refuses to turn sour. We tried it with a pint placed, with honorable gastronomic intentions, in the sun for four days, but it remained hopelessly sweet, and the corn-cakes had to be left to the imagination.

The greatest attraction of this ideal camping-place is its lion, Mount Adams, whose isolated summit pierces the clouds at a height of some 10,000 feet above the ocean level. It looks that height, every inch, in the daytime, but in the evening, when it turns gray and black, it seems a mere Eastern peak, so much difference does snow make in the grandeur of a mountain's aspect. The direction of the sun also affects its appearance remarkably; in the evening it is only half snow and half bare rock, while in the morning it appears all snow, and the rocks merely faint shadows on it. There are three peaks, the middle being the highest. The ascent can be made from Trout Lake in one very long day, with the aid of a sagacious Indian cayuse (pony), to find the faint return trail at night. There are no dangerous places, and the summit view includes all the peaks and ranges of Washington and Oregon. Clouds have to be taken into consideration in making the ascent; not infrequently they hide the sides, or sail along in splendid Alpine procession. One evening a large cloud, like a white turban, enveloped the head; another evening the clouds hovered massively over the summit, shooting skyward like the steam and smoke over active Vesuvius. There are sunset effects resembling the Swiss *Alpglühen*, and occasionally one can fancy a pink lava stream flowing down the snowfields, carrying back the imagination to the time when Adams was an active volcano, of which period the Indians still preserve the tradition in their legend of the fight between Hood and Adams, when they threw huge stones at each other, and blocked up the Columbia at the cascades by breaking up the natural bridge which, according to their tradition, once spanned it here. These Indian legends cannot be many centuries old, and they suggest the query whether these volcanic warriors will ever again belch forth their jealous wrath in stones and lava streams. Why should they not? Trout Lake is only eleven miles from the base of Adams, and there are numerous antique lava streams in its neighborhood, with other strange phenomena.

It is, indeed, an uncanny sort of place. In walking you will occasionally notice a hollow sound underneath; should you dig down you would probably come upon a cave. There are dozens of caves within a few miles of the lake —sudden holes in the ground into which you can descend and explore to your heart's content. The strangest thing about them is that some are lined with perennial ice. Every one, on hearing of the ice-caves near Mt. Adams, naturally fancies that they must have some connection with the glaciers of that mountain; but they have no more connection with the Adams glaciers than with the Muir glacier in Alaska. Adams has his ice-rivers which are distinctly visible from the lake as large brown spots, from their sandy surface; but this ice melts and forms the White Salmon River, without leaving the mountain side. In one of the ice caves a shrewd farmer stores his spring butter for autumn prices. The largest one known is about five miles from the lake, and can be reached by wagon. The road for the most part goes through a thin pine forest, the ground of which is densely covered with a luxuriant growth of wild hay. One farmer last year cut fourteen loads of this hay, and the region would make an ideal cattle ranch. Yet, although the flanks of Adams are said to have fed 40,000 sheep last year, no animals are seen in this region, which is still unclaimed Government land, not even yet surveyed.

Suddenly, in a perfectly level place, the wagon stops, and on the right there is a hole in the ground. It is only about twelve feet across, and on approaching the edge you will notice a pile of midsummer snow only ten feet below, barely out of reach of a broiling sun. A short ladder leads into the cave, and you are at once in an arctic abode where the sides are lined with thick ice which drips and forms huge icicles. The largest of these icicles, unfortunately, are carried away by farmers and fishermen to market their trout in; some day a guardian will be appointed. Guided by a torch of pitch-pine, one can explore the cave quite a distance on either side of the opening, coming out on the left side at a different hole. As we were studying the cave, an Indian came down the ladder with a tin bucket. He scooped up some ice-water from the floor and carried it to his squaws and children above. Contrary to Indian etiquette, he helped the women before he drank. On one of the ponies sat a girl of about four, who took care of two horses besides her own. Trout Lake is an excellent place to observe the gypsy-like family life of the reservation Indians. They are perfectly harmless, and can usually be relied on not to steal. One day one of them came to our tent with his two boys to beg fish-hooks, explaining that his boys were "no good," as they had lost his hooks. He walked off happy with a few flies, but did not thank me for them; they have learned to say "good morning" and "hallo," but not "thank you." When night comes they roll themselves in blankets, without other covering. In a camp a short distance down the creek we found a squalid old squaw, who tried to explain to us in Chinook and English that the day before had been very windy, consequently many white salmon were caught. Her small boy was munching a dried fish with as much relish as if it had been a stick of candy, and her grown daughter we had seen washing for a farmer. The main feature of the camp was a bower, ready to be covered with blankets and heated with hot stones, for the "old man" to take his air bath in. These Indians assemble hereabouts in considerable numbers during August for the salmon and for the huckleberries. There is one immense patch of these berries, about twenty miles from the lake, where as many as five thousand "braves" collect during berrying time. They have regular horse races, and there is much gambling, in which an Indian often stakes a hundred ponies at once, and, for a last resource, may throw his squaw into the balance. The squaws make mats of rushes, on which the berries are dried; they are then put into a sort of box or basket made of bark, and loaded on the cayuses to be taken to market, or to their store-rooms for home consumption.

About five miles from the lake there is a smaller huckleberry patch which should be visited, both to get a taste of the delicious berries and to see what one of the vast slopes of the Cascade range looks like when you get on it. There is no road, only a rough trail made by and for the Indians, crooked, like all their trails, and sometimes forcing itself among such dense bushes that the overhanging branches almost sweep one off the horse. These bushes are graceful willows, glossy-leaved, aromatic sweet-laurels (often seven feet high), and hazel. The laurel perfumes the air like an Oriental garden, and you can fill your pockets with hazel nuts without stopping the horse. There are

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also millions of the dry but well-flavored thimble-berries, peeping from among the broad velvety leaves like pretty scarlet flowers. At an elevation of about 5,000 feet above sea-level we came upon the huckleberry bushes, which covered the whole mountain side. There are several varieties, some as large as small cherries; from three to four gallons have been taken from a single bush, and there was such a profusion that we did not wonder that the Indians we met did not resent our use of their trail and poaching on their preserves. The view from this mountain side includes Adams, Tacoma, and Hood. They were partly veiled by the usual summer smoke, which in a few days became so dense that we pulled up stakes and returned to Portland. From the elevated points we had reached, the superb forests of Oregon and Washington seemed illimitable and indestructible; but what with the annual forest fires and the new method of substituting guncotton for the woodman's slower axe, it is doubtful if they will survive another century. *Après nous le déluge.* HENRY T. FINCK.

## THE SOCIAL UNREST IN SICILY.

ITALY, October 15, 1893.

ONCE again the Sicilian question is occupying the attention of the public, the Government, the press; and again the Minister of the Interior has sent Senator Sensalis to institute a fresh "inquiry" into the condition of the agricultural and working classes. This is simply a loss of time, for inquiries have been made during the last twenty years, always yielding the same results—the proofs that misery, ignorance, and superstition are rife throughout the island, and that nothing has been done or even attempted to ameliorate the wretched condition of the people, either in the large towns or in the few rural districts where the agricultural populations are agglomerated. When we say that nothing has been done or attempted, it must not be forgotten that the Government, with Crispi at the helm, did succeed in passing certain beneficial laws on the understanding that they were to be put into execution immediately. The charitable institutions were to be reformed; all the *opere pie* that no longer responded to the wants of modern civilization were to be transformed. Such legacies as provided for the assistance of the poor, the sick, for education or instruction, or for certain families, were to be preserved, but to be reformed and administered by the congregations of charity to be chosen by the members of the municipal councils. The lands, funds, and buildings belonging to the charitable institutions abolished or transformed were to be devoted to hospitals, to orphanages, to the new foundations for waifs and strays, etc., etc. Another excellent law was that relating to strikes. Hitherto the Government, the local authorities, the police had combined against strikers *as such;* as trike being unlawful. Now only intimidation and violence were to be prevented and punished.

Again, the new law on coöperative societies for undertaking public works by the Government, the province, or the commune was excellent. Societies of bona-fide workingmen were to be allowed to assume the works not exceeding a certain sum; they were to be paid every fortnight, a tenth part of the sum to be retained until the works completed should be pronounced "in order." A certain reform of the police was decreed. Then the Crispi Government was overthrown, and the cabinet that succeeded, on the pretext of economy, or simply out of indifference, failed to apply the new laws. Hence the last state of the poor populations is worse than the first. A splendid sanitary code was sanctioned by both the House and the Senate. It provided among other things for the decent housing of the poor—the building of sanitary houses was rendered obligatory. The code remains a dead letter. When the cholera devastated the southern provinces in 1884 in Naples, and in 1886 in Palermo, for Naples the nation voted a free gift of a hundred millions for the *disembowelling* of the awful slums of Porto, Pendino, etc., for the building of large tenements with every apparatus of modern sanitation. This sum has been squandered, pillaged by speculators. Many of the slums were destroyed and the people evicted before any new tenements were prepared for their reception. The slums left standing were sublet by the company to usurers who crowded in double the number of the evicted, making each pay a higher rent. Now the works are almost suspended. The chief culprit withdrew from the society and was made a Senator.

In Palermo the cholera in 1886 carried off in two months 2,500 victims of the very poorest denizens of the *catodi* (one-roomed huts with no windows on the ground floor). If things there have not been carried on with such a total disregard to honesty and decency as in Naples, the habitations of the poor have been but slightly ameliorated, and only in those portions of the city which surrounded the great exhibition. But there, to the shame of the authorities, the huge, unsightly *Teatro Massimo*, which from first to last will cost the city ten millions, is being completed. In that city where, owing to the different system wisely pursued by the authorities, the works are divided into small lots, the coöperative societies of bona-fide workingmen applied for lots. Not one was accorded. In Palermo the charitable institutions are in a sorry plight. Huge foundations for the old, the sick, for orphans, merely serve to feed a horde of administrators. Inquiries have been instituted, and these gross thefts have been proved,-but the robbery goes on and the poor are defrauded of their rights. The hospital of that populous city is insufficient for even the few utterly destitute who have no home, no relations to tend them. The foundling hospitals are abominations all over Sicily; the children retained in the buildings die off quickly, those farmed out fare little better, and we might fill pages with the abuses, the cruel sufferings inflicted on the poor by the rich without exhausting the subject. Yet still the climax of horrors is not reached till we come to the agricultural classes, who are literally starving in that fertile soil under that sunny sky.

People call Sicily the Ireland of Italy. It is a telling phrase, but conveys a false idea. The land question in Ireland is simply a question between landlords and tenants. In Sicily it is the question of two-thirds of the population—of the real, actual, sole tillers of the soil—that is at stake. The abolition of feudal estates in 1812 by the barons themselves wrought little or no change in the condition of the peasants, or rather it aggravated the hardships. The barons no longer owned feudal estates, but the estates remained theirs just the same, and, despite the abolition of the laws of primogeniture and of the transmission of land to the male descendants only, very little change has ensued, as the nobility have small families, and the portion (by law one-half of the whole substance must be divided equally among all the children) is generally given in money; the eldest son still continues to inherit the land. The one law which ought to have wrought wonders for the peasants, providing for the abolition of the common right of cutting wood, pasturing flocks, and the substitution of an equivalent portion of the land itself, to be divided among the poor of the commune who used to pasture their flocks and cut wood, has never been executed save in a few communes. The lands handed over to the communes have been usurped by the proprietors, just as were the English commons and open spaces which belonged to the people. Again, all the ecclesiastical property sequestrated by the Government, and sold or let on long leases, which was to create a peasant ownership, was indeed put up in small lots, but the *camorra* at the outset bought up the greater portion, and, where some real peasants acquired small lots, within a few years either the want of capital for cultivation and the enormous land tax compelled them to sell the deteriorated land for a nominal price, or the *fisco* seized it and evicted the proprietor for arrears. Had the land thus concentrated in the hands of a few wealthy individuals been properly cultivated, the peasants would have had at least work and pay; but the old proprietors, the barons, retired from the country altogether—many have never seen their estates. These were let to speculators who knew and cared nothing for the cultivation of the soil. Many of these *gabellotti* live at Palermo, even as do the barons, and their land is underlet in various manners always most oppressive to the tiller of the soil.

They talk of the métayer system, but that, as it is known in Tuscany, does not exist in Sicily. The peasant who has a horse or mule or a donkey, has to plough the soil and to sow it with seed lent by the master, who retakes it, in superior quantity and quality, at the harvest; he then has to weed, hoe, reap, thresh, sift, carry to the threshing-floor; and when all these operations are performed, under the scorching summer heat or freezing winter, the peasant is entitled to one-fourth after paying no end of dues, his portion of the taxes, the soup for the overseer, the priest who comes to bless the grain. Sometimes he gets one-third *on paper*, but generally, as he has had to get subsidies in grain mixed with earth during the winter, he goes home with *il tridente intorno al collo*, with no wheat for winter bread or maccaroni paste, but condemned to live on beans—not haricot, but horse-beans, which form the staple food of the peasantry in Italy. Often his portion of the crops is insufficient to repay the winter debt; then the overseer seizes his horse, or mule, or donkey, and the *mezzadro* is reduced to the ranks of the common laborer. As there are no country habitations, the peasant has to walk miles and miles to and from his work, and, in the summer, camp out for weeks; of water fit to drink, there is none, so he wears out his weary life till fever, malaria, or simple exhaustion from fatigue and want of food ends all with "the happy release."

Travellers who visit the large cities of Sicily, and make excursions in their neighborhood to visit the ancient monuments, the relics of days when Sicily was cultivated as perhaps no land before or since in Italy, when it was the granary of the Roman empire, when whole tracts of soil were known as the hundred-seed plain, may object to these statements as exaggerated, and say, "Why, in the Golden Shell round Palermo, in the nursery kitchen-gardens round Caltanissetta, in the almond plantations below Girgenti, I have seen well-to-do

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peasants, working on thriving farms full of pigs, poultry, and milch cows, splendid mules, and strong, if lean, oxen." This is true, for round all the cities of the seven provinces the land is highly cultivated and irrigated. If it formerly belonged to the feudal lords, it is retained still by their descendants. If, instead, it happened to be sold to some private individual at the time of the dispersion of ecclesiastical property, you may be sure that he has kept hold of it, farms it well, and pays his laborers at least decently. In the first place, public security close to large cities is generally safeguarded so that the proprietor can visit, even live on his farm; then, he finds ready market for his produce, be it wine, oranges, lemons, live stock, or cereals. But these small tracts are exceptions to the rule in comparison with the immense *latifondi*, where you find neither trees nor water nor habitations. These perfections only show the general defection; the state of the peasant who works on them proves what a fine, robust race it is which is now being gradually deteriorated. These things were repeated *ad nauseam* in the grand agricultural inquiry set on foot by Bertani, and which for Sicily alone occupies five folio volumes of six hundred pages each, in the works of Sonnino and Franchetti, in numerous other works, and the result is that the peasant population is far worse off now than under the worst days of the Bourbon. For in the bad old days the rich and not the poor were taxed; now it is the tax on consumption, on grain, wine, meat, eggs, poultry, vegetables — even the sticks that the poor go out to pick up—that takes their last mite; this, and the rent for the pigsties in which they herd together.

What wonder, therefore, that, after waiting painfully for thirty years for the signori to do something for them, these very peasants and the miners, whose lot is still harder, have decided to do or to attempt to do something for themselves; that they lend a willing ear to the only leaders who have cast in their lot with them, and resolved to stand or fall together? I allude to the formation of the Fasci dei Lavoratori, whose societies are increasing in every town and village in the island, whose numbers, amounting to over 300,000, have fallen like a thunderbolt from a cloudless sky on the very signori who have been fattening and thriving on the charitable institutions, on the land that belongs to the people. When I was in Sicily two years since, I had opportunities of conversing freely with every class of Sicilian, and, with the aid of the *medici condotti* and doctors in general, arrived at a pretty clear understanding of what were the feelings of the lower towards the higher orders of creation, and I was quite prepared for any amount of combination and resistance on the part of the workingmen, and especially of the miners. But no aftermath of knowledge can make me believe that I then thought the peasants would be the first and foremost to combine, to contribute their money towards a scheme which only promises to better their lot in the future. They seemed too patient, too hopeless, too resigned, in Mohammedan fashion, to the inevitable. The younger men, indeed, especially those who had served their time as soldiers, muttered curses low and deep when an overseer was unusually insolent or they were defrauded of more than the usual share; but between this and the gigantic union now formed there seemed an abyss. The leaders of the Fasci have merely given a voice to the ever less and less inarticulate groanings, moanings, and curses. The leaders call themselves collectivists, socialists, not anarchists; these they disclaim, and forbid to membership, maintaining that as order is the law of the universe, as disobedience to the laws of nature has produced all the evils from which humanity now suffers, from anarchy and confusion nothing but confusion and anarchy can result. Neither are they republicans or puritans. No, they take things as they find them, and for the first time in their history are really teaching the people the power that lies in numbers, who shall vote all, vote all together, vote for the candidate whom the majority of the members shall decide on. It is extraordinary that, in so short a time for propaganda, they should have gained so much influence as to be absolutely obeyed. During the last administrative elections many of the candidates of the Fasci were duly elected, and now sit on the city councils. One of these, Signor Petrina, whom I last saw in prison at Milazzo, where he was undergoing a long sentence as a socialist, is now bringing home to the municipality of Messina certain deeds of evil—peculation on a large scale—in a fashion that is little to the liking of the signori who are his colleagues.

The attitude of the upper and middle classes in the island itself is abject; they seem terrified, paralyzed. The members of Parliament, with two exceptions, simply urge the Government to send large bodies of troops, on the pretext of restoring public security, but in reality to arrest the leaders of the Fasci and disperse the members of the societies. Two Sicilian members have spoken freely, and have laid the case of Sicily before the House with precision and no exaggeration; these are the member for Catania, Gioffredo de Felice, whose conduct since his election has won for him golden opinions from adversaries and honest men who in the early part of his career deplored his methods; and the famous Colaiani, a man of high integrity and strong intellect, who is a socialist and a collectivist, but who deprecates any propaganda which shall stir up the people to revolt before the time when they can effect a triumphant revolution. But the Government seems to take no heed of the warnings given. While the state of public insecurity is such in the province of Palermo, Cattaneo, and Syracuse that neither proprietors nor peasants are safe on the high road; when syndics are sequestrated and liberated only on the secret payment of large sums to the malefactors; when poor fishermen are robbed and murdered, carters beaten and left for dead (which facts show that the miscreants are vulgar thieves without even the courage of the old brigand of romance); when the Government and the local authorities are unable to cope with this state of things—when the murderers of Notarbartolo are undiscovered, and the pillagers of the provincial treasury of Caltanissetta unpunished—the concentration of the efforts of the police on the arrest of the leaders of the Fasci and on the dispersion of the members is pitiful, contemptible, dangerous.

What are the objects of these associations—the union of the workingmen, of the miners, of the peasants? The workmen seek to obtain better wages from employers, or to form cooperative societies, in which the workmen shall enjoy all the profits of their labor; the miners to insure a minimum price—a sliding scale in certain parts—so that a fall of prices in sulphur shall not affect the miners' wages only. Many insist that the mining law which denies private ownership in mines in other portions of Italy be applied to Sicily. The peasants demand an entire revision of present agricultural contracts by which the peasant, if he cannot hope to receive a fair half, shall at least not be mulcted of his fair third. The peasants have defined their intentions with extraordinary precision, though one is often puzzled to translate their demands into Italian, still less into a foreign language. There is nothing revolutionary in them, but the owners and tenants have refused to grant them. In some districts the peasants struck, and as they had induced the *pastori* and herdsmen to join them, many had to give in and the peasants went to work as usual. The strikes are perfectly legal, unaccompanied by violence, yet the Government has ordered the arrest of many of the chiefs. After a few weeks or months of imprisonment, all have been set at liberty because no cause has been found to send them before a court of assizes. The one text of these chiefs to their followers is: "No violence; keep within legal limits!"

It has been said in some of the Italian papers that the Sicilians are meditating separation from the continent. This is untrue. What they have claimed from the first is a certain autonomy which Mazzini, the most absolute and rigid unitarian, admitted to be necessary in a certain degree for the islands. Sicily cannot be governed from Rome any more to-day than in the olden times when the great slave wars kept Rome at bay. The men who represent Sicily in Parliament are not the chosen of her people, with very few exceptions, but Government candidates, who succeed by Government corruption, by the interference of the police, who ought to be looking after thieves, blackmailers, vagabonds, and evildoers in general. And Italy does ill thus to neglect and ill-treat the patriotic population of the island which has ever sided with Europe against Africa, with civilization against barbarism, and which now, with France in possession of ancient Carthage, with ports and military stations everywhere on the opposite coast, will still be Italy's bulwark in the struggle that seems inevitable and may soon commence. The Sicilians are Italians to the backbone; the present movement of the masses is not directed against Italy, but against the classes who oppress them. The most extraordinary feature of the movement is the entrance on the scene of Sicilian women. Hitherto women in Sicily have kept aloof from all political or social questions; now they are foremost in the fray. They have formed their own *Fasci*, the female sections being separate from those of the males, and are the most enthusiastic attendants at the conferences. They support their husbands during their strikes, scoff at the spies or agents who go to learn something of the men's movements, and, on being asked why they neglect the Sunday mass, answer that "they learn more useful things at the Fasci." The very name seems to fascinate them; Garibaldi always used it to promote union. "Form your Fasci," he would say, and tell the story of the bundle of faggots, and then dilate on the importance of that symbol of union among the Romans.

Hitherto the poor peasants, isolated, suspicious one of the other, have been dominated and despoiled; now that they are united, it will be difficult to crush them. Senator Sensalis is a Sicilian, has been prefect in various provinces, was successful in discovering a real association of malefactors in Girgenti, called the Fratellanza, or brotherhood. The chiefs of the Fasci present themselves to him, and as yet he seems more impressed by the general misery of the populations than by the danger of the associations. The cholera in Palermo continues, but the victims are few, owing to the amelioration of the sanitary re-

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gulations; nevertheless its presence is detrimental to commerce and industry. The agrarian crisis, the low price of sulphur, the phylloxera and other maladies affecting the vines, all tend to aggravate the situation, while the rigorous application of the income tax—its increase in some parts—falls heavily on the small traders and families with limited incomes.

The outlook is gloomy indeed, and not only for Sicily but for the whole of Italy. On the continent, however, the crops and the vintage have been on the whole excellent; while in the island the extreme drought has spoiled the corn, barley, and fava bean crops. To-day the prime minister, Giolitti, is to expound his financial and political programme at Dronero. Never was there more needed in Italy a great statesman, versed in finance and in administration, who should be able, by his integrity and ability, to command a working majority in the House, representing the various classes and interests in the country. At present, no signs of such a man appear on the horizon, and the enemies of the new kingdom at home and abroad seem preparing to take advantage of the situation. J. W. M.

## ISOCHROMATIC PHOTOGRAPHY AND VENETIAN PICTURES.

VENICE, October 14, 1893.

AT last we are to have good photographs of the great pictures at Venice. Those who care for Venetian art will rejoice to hear that two of the best photographers in Italy, Alinari Brothers of Florence and Domenico Anderson of Rome, have been hard at work all the summer and autumn photographing the most interesting pictures in Venice and neighboring towns. The difficulties in the way are immense, and they are not usually understood by any but the initiated. In the first place, many of the finest pictures left upon the altars for which they were painted are practically invisible. Even at the hours at which Baedeker advises or the local guide takes you to see them, they are often mere dim outlines, hidden in the gloom of overhanging arches or deep cornices. Or else the restorer's brush has converted them into sparkling mirrors of dusty varnish which are far more tantalizing than enjoyable. Every one will remember the impossibility of getting a good look at the great Bellini in San Zaccaria, and the Titian in the Gesuiti, the miseries of dazzling lights and obscuring shadows that make a visit to the Scuola di San Rocco a mingled cup of delight and discomfort, and the disappointments that attend the attempt to peer through the darkness that hides such pictures as the Bellini at San Francesco della Vigna, or the Sebastianos in San Bartolommeo in Rialto. The splendid series of Tiepolos in San Polo is absolutely invisible except by candle-light. The Bellini of the Frari, Tintoretto's "Marriage in Cana" in the Salute, and a hundred others that it would be tedious to enumerate, are placed directly in front of windows, so that the glare of light practically blinds the eye to the details of the picture.

Even in the Academy things are little, if any, better. On a rainy day there is no light at all, and, when the sun shines, the curtains are quickly drawn over the skylights of the large rooms, reducing the Carpaccios and Gentile Bellinis, the Tintorettos and Bonifazios, to dim ghosts of themselves, in order, forsooth, that a ray of sunlight may not fall on the upper corner of a tenth-rate skied Mansueti! The great "Pietà," Titian's last masterpiece, begun in his ninety-sixth year, is so placed between the reflecting lights of two windows and a door that an impatient critic like Mr. Kenyon Cox may almost be excused for comparing it contemptuously to old cheese.

But if this state of things is hard upon the ordinary sightseer, it is harder still upon the photographer and upon the connoisseur. For the two go to a great extent hand in hand. Printing itself scarcely could have had a greater effect on the study of the classics than photography is beginning to have on the study of the Old Masters. If most people are still incredulous about the possibility of giving a rational, systematic basis to the criticism of art, it is largely due to the fact that until very recently any accurate comparison of pictures was out of the question. The basis of connoisseurship is the assumption that an artist in his work develops steadily and gradually, and does not change his hand more capriciously or rapidly in painting than in writing. Unsigned works, therefore, are ascribed to this or that master, as are fragments of the classics when they come to light, by fancied or actual resemblances to signed or otherwise perfectly authenticated works. But the hitch in connoisseurship has always been in comparison. In the days of slow travel, when there were no photographs of old pictures to be had, the connoisseur was obliged to depend largely upon prints. But a moment's comparison of even the best print with its original will show how utterly untrustworthy and even misleading such an aid to memory must be. No engraver, however well intentioned, can help putting a great deal of himself into his reproduction. His print has no other value than that of a copy. The connoisseurs and art historians, therefore, who had to depend on prints, no matter how good a general notion of a painter's various compositions they might have drawn from this source, could have next to no acquaintance with those subtlest elements in his style which distinguish him from the mere copyist or clever imitator.

Is it surprising, then, that really accurate connoisseurship is so new a science that it has as yet scarcely found its way into general recognition? Few people are aware how completely it has changed since the days before railways and photographs, when it was more or less of a quack science, in which every practitioner, often in spite of himself, was more or less of a quack. Quackery in the criticism of art is unfortunately not less common now than it was then, but the difference is that the quack no longer has the least excuse for himself. Of the writer on art to-day we all expect not only that intimate acquaintance with his subject which modern means of conveyance have made possible, but also that patient comparison of a given work with all the other works by the same master which photography has rendered easy. It is not at all difficult to see at any rate nine tenths of a great master's works (Titian's or Tintoretto's, for instance) in such rapid succession that the memory of them will be fresh enough to enable the critic to determine the place and value of any one picture. And when this continuous study of originals is supplemented by isochromatic photographs, such comparison attains almost the accuracy of the physical sciences.

To realize what a difference has been made in art study by railways and photographs, one need only compare three writers on Raphael, each of them epoch-making in art history. Passavant's researches were undertaken before the present development of railways and before photography had been applied to the Old Masters. His work, therefore, is so unsound that to-day it no longer has any value. Even his æsthetic criticism, based as it was on a perfectly inadequate acquaintance with the subject, generally rings false. Cavalcaselle also had the misfortune of having taken his notes and formed his method before photography could aid him. His consequent satisfaction with the *à peu près* robs his work of all those delicate distinctions which make the difference between criticism and indiscriminate praise or blame. Morelli was the first critic who made systematic use of photographs, and the overwhelming superiority of his work from the point of view of connoisseurship is so great that even his bitterest opponents have been obliged to adopt most of his conclusions.

Morelli, however, as a student, gave somewhat disproportionate attention to the study of drawings and of the Tuscan painters, interesting himself much less in the Venetian school. It could scarcely have been otherwise until three or four years ago. The old system of photography was, even in the hands of the best operators, incapable of rendering the values of the colors—only fit, at the best, to give an accurate notion of the outline. Drawings consequently were photographed pretty satisfactorily by the old system, while paintings as a rule came out wretchedly. This was less true of the Tuscans, because in their works the line is of much greater importance than the color. But for the Venetians, who depend more upon color than upon line, this system was totally inadequate. Isochromatic photography alone is capable of keeping the relative values of the different colors. Ordinary photography, by changing blue to white, and red and yellow to black, distorted and confused a portrait to such an extent that it was no longer recognizable. To obviate this difficulty, the photograph was freely retouched by ordinary operators destitute of special artistic talent, and so departed farther and farther from the original. Even an engraving gave a better idea of Titian or Tintoret than photographs of this kind, such as Naya's, for instance, for the engraving was executed by a person with at least some pretence to art culture. Even until recently it seemed so impossible to get a good reproduction without retouching, that it occurred to an eminent engraver, Mr. Cole, to devote his talents to this work—for his engravings from the Italian masters are nothing but photographs retouched on the engravers' block by an artist, instead of on the negative by a mere operator.

Those, however, who wished for accurate impersonal renderings of the Old Masters continued sighing for photographs of pictures at Venice such as have been made of the Louvre, the National Gallery and Dresden by Braun, of Berlin by Hanfstängel, of Vienna by Löwy, and of Milan by Marcozzi. It is true that perhaps more Venetian masterpieces are to be seen abroad than in Venice. Yet the pictures at Venice happen to be peculiarly useful to the student because of the undoubted authenticity of many of them, and peculiarly desirable for the ordinary tourist, whose acquaintance with Venetian painting usually begins and often ends in Venice itself. It is therefore most welcome news to hear that two such splendid photographers are already in the field.

The Alinaris are too well known a firm to need description. Suffice it to say that they have set to themselves the noble task of photographing isochromatically every good picture in Italy. They have already done most of Tuscany and Naples, and have just finished

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Padua, Vicenza, Treviso, and even Castelfranco, so that at last everybody can have a perfect reproduction of Giorgione's one absolutely authenticated work. Anderson, although more of an artist, is less known. He devotes himself entirely to photographing pictures, and his reproductions are in consequence more satisfactory than those of any other photographer. They render the values to perfection, keep the tone, and are scrupulously faithful to the line. Leaving out the color, they are the pictures themselves on a smaller scale. Part of his extraordinary success comes from the fact that he always develops and prints them himself, and, having a good artistic memory, he is able to bring out in them, by careful exposure, just the tone that best recalls the original. Printed darker, that effect would be lost; printed too light, they would not recall the reality.

But the difficulties do not begin and end with the printing. What patience it takes to discover exactly the right moment for reflecting the light from a church window or door upon some hidden treasure, what skill it requires to balance the mirror so that the reflected light never dwells too long upon one spot; and, above all, what science is necessary to focus so that every part of the picture comes out with equal clearness! To photograph a picture is far from being the mechanical pursuit the Italian Government evidently considers it, putting all sorts of annoyances in the photographer's way, laying ridiculous taxes on his work, as if it were an unskilled trade, and giving him no proper guarantees for his copyright. In the light of all these difficulties, and considering the importance of photography in art study, such photographers as Alinari and Anderson are regarded by students with something of that gratitude entertained for Aldus and his sons by the scholars of the sixteenth century. B. Berenson.

# Correspondence.

## THE AMERICAN PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have as yet seen no reference in the *Nation* to the very remarkable movement in progress in some of our States. The memorial presented in the House of Representatives, in Washington, from Mr. Youmans, former member of the House from the Eighth Michigan District, who claims to have been defeated by the efforts of a secret, oath-bound, anti-Catholic, political society, known as the American Protective Association, has called the attention of the whole country to the matter. The movement has been in progress here for some time, and a brief report of it may be of some interest to your readers.

When it began cannot be told with exactness. It has certainly been in operation over a year. The methods employed have been as follows: Documents, purporting to be authoritative utterances of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, were passed from hand to hand. No one could tell where these had been printed or who was responsible for them. One was entitled "Instructions to True Catholics"; another purported to be an encyclical letter from the Pope, calling upon the faithful to rise on a certain date (September 13) to massacre all Protestant heretics. Certain newspapers, filled with similar literature, with the most alarming reports of Roman Catholics drilling and arming in preparation for an outbreak, and making the most shocking charges against priests and nuns, were sent to prominent persons and distributed from hand to hand. Accompanying these were the most exaggerated reports of the number of Roman Catholics holding public office. It was said that they practically controlled our municipal, county, State, and national governments, and that this was part of a deep scheme to capture the entire country. Protestants were urged to organize to resist the nefarious design. Councils of the American Protective Association were organized. To-day they claim ten thousand members in this city of one hundred thousand inhabitants. One public-spirited clergyman, the Rev. Washington Gladden, denounced it from his pulpit. No doubt this courageous action did something to check its progress, but it had already attained great headway. Several ministers identified themselves with the association, and sympathetic addresses were publicly made. An exposé of the inner workings and obligations of the order was published, the material having been secured, it was understood, by the representatives of a detective agency. There can be no doubt that each member takes an oath to boycott all Roman Catholics, politically and industrially. The exact words of the oath are—"that I will not employ a Roman Catholic in any capacity, if I can procure the services of a Protestant," and "that I will not countenance the nomination, in any caucus or convention, of a Roman Catholic for any office in the gift of the American people, and that I will not vote for, nor counsel others to vote for, any Roman Catholic, but will vote only for a Protestant."

The organization has already had influence in local politics, and not a little excitement has been stirred up. There can be little doubt that it has captured the local Republican organization. This, at least, is certainly true, that the Republican politicians are using it. The principal newspapers have said nothing either in condemnation or approval. They are evidently waiting to see which way the wind will blow. Stranger still, many of the ministers, chiefly of the Methodist and Baptist persuasions, get the credit of being members. How they reconcile the oath with the teachings of Christ, of which they profess to be expounders, doth not yet appear.

Advices from other places show that the movement has been pushed by precisely the same methods as here—forged documents, lying misrepresentations, and newspapers that should be a hissing and an amazement wherever there are public schools. Some communities have been almost panic-stricken in anticipation of an uprising of the Roman Catholics to murder Protestants. The movement has been rampant in the cities of Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Indiana. It has appeared in St. Paul and in Kansas City. It has been working eastward, and is now in Buffalo, N. Y. Altogether it has been a most singular and astonishing revelation of the ignorance of many people in our enlightened communities, and a new evidence of the strength and tenacity of religious bigotry. Let us hope that we may have an investigation from Congress that will reveal it to the whole country. Such a movement grows in darkness and perishes in the light.—Respectfully yours,

Alexander Milne.

Columbus, O., October 31, 1893.

## MEDICAL EXAMINERS FOR PENSIONS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: To a person who, like this correspondent, has had occasion as a private medical adviser to see great numbers of pensioners, the justice and good sense of "B.'s" article in No. 1478 are apparent. It is easily seen how the members of the pension boards may be influenced by the fact that the examiners are dependent, as private practitioners of medicine, upon the claimants and their friends. It is a fact that there is no guarantee of even a moderately fair medical education in the possession of a diploma or the license of a State board of examiners. The only class of medical practitioners of whom the public can know that the members are thoroughly qualified, is that of the medical corps of the army and navy, and these men are independent of the pension-seekers.

The reform is highly needed in the interest of the Treasury, but yet more in the interest of public morality.—Respectfully, H.

Minneapolis, October 28, 1893.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The complimentary suggestion (*Nation*, No. 1478) that the medical officers of the army and the navy would be suitable examiners of applicants for pensions, leads to the comment that the majority of the army medical officers are west of the Mississippi, where the civil population is sparse. Those who are at more eastern stations are too few and far between to avail. There are very large areas with masses of population and, presumably, multitudes of applicants where no medical officers at all would be accessible. Where they are stationed within reach, as at Fort Sheridan, Ill., Columbus, O., West Point, N. Y., and the artillery garrisons near the cities on the coast, their time is fully occupied with their current work. To undertake in addition that proposed would interfere with their efficiency in both. Frequent or irregular absence from their stations would be detrimental to the public service. It will not do to assume that their time is not pretty well occupied already.

As to the medical officers of the navy, the conditions appear to be similar. Those at sea would, of course, be unavailable. Those on shore duty are scattered along the seaboard. Those awaiting orders or on leave might be supposed available; but they are not numerous, and such assignments would change their official status and might derange their regular tours.

In fact, both bodies combined do not make a large number.

A Medical Officer of the Army.

October 28, 1893.

## PEOPLE'S BANKS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The reviewer of "People's Banks," by Wolff, in *Nation* No. 1478, says: "We are unable to give implicit credence to his statements. Some of his information, however, is evidently trustworthy," and closes with the wish that the author might be encouraged to continue his studies and later publish more facts and less "hearsay and imagination"; as though statistical information of a thoroughly reliable nature were still not only desirable but inaccessible. Please allow a subscriber to call public attention to certain articles bearing on the subject of Mr. Wolff's book which may be found in many private and in most public collections of economic literature, and which are therefore reasonably accessible. It is true, I have not had opportunity to verify the articles, but they are published under circumstances that strongly commend them to stu-

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dents of economic literature. I refer to articles in the *Handwoerterbuch der Staatswissenschaften*, edited by Profs. Conrad, Lexis, and others (noticed *passim* in the *Nation*, volume 52), viz., articles on Raiffeisen, volume v., p. 340; Schulze-Delitzsch, volume v., p. 600; "Darlehnskassenvereine," volume ii., p. 906; "Kreditgenossenschaften," volume iv., p. 880; "Konsumvereine," volume iv., p. 838; "Erwerbs- und Wirtschaftsgenossenschaften," vol. iii., p. 308.

Readers who have to depend on works in English would appreciate an estimate of Wolff based on a comparison with the authorities cited.—Respectfully,

FREDERICK W. MOORE,
Adj. Prof. of History and Economy.

VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY,
NASHVILLE, TENN, October 31, 1893.

## THE TRIBE OF ATHLETES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the course of my reading I have met with the following lines from the "Autolycus" of Euripides, which I transcribe as translated in Symonds's 'Greek Poets.' Euripides, it is said, was educated to be an athlete; his words, therefore, have especial force, and perhaps are worthy of the attention of our college presidents and trustees, and of that small body of students who, in the present-day revival of athletics, are hoping and working for a revival of learning.—Yours truly,

HENRY RUTGERS MARSHALL.

October 31, 1893.

"Of all the thousand ills that prey on Hellas
Not one is greater than the tribe of athletes;
. . . . . .
How to be poor and row in fortune's boat
They know no better; for they have not learned
Manners that make men proof against ill luck.
Lustrous in youth, they lounge like living statues
Decking the streets; but when sad old age comes,
They fall and perish like a threadbare coat
I've often blamed the customs of us Hellenes,
Who for the sake of such men meet together
To honor idle sport and feed our fill;
For who, I pray you, by his skill in wrestling,
Swiftness of foot, good boxing, strength at quoits,
Has served his city by the crown he gains?
Will they meet men in fight with quoits in hand,
Or in the press of shields drive forth the foeman
By force of fisticuffs from hearth and home?
Such follies are forgotten face to face
With steel. We therefore ought to crown with wreaths
Men wise and good, and him who guides the State,
A man well tempered, just, and sound in counsel,
Or one who by his words averts ill deeds,
Warding off strife and warfare; for such things
Bring honor on the city and all Hellenes."

## COLUMBIAN EXPECTORATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The feeling and appropriate letter of your correspondent on the subject of "Columbian Expectoration" recalls a deliciously unconscious bit of description of manners which unfortunately cannot be called local, that was to be seen (and still is, for all I know to the contrary) at the Natural Bridge in Virginia. The narrow country road runs close below the wide pleasant veranda in front of the second-story bar-room—so close as to prevent the Jedge or the Colonel or the casual Northern visitor, with his feet on the railing, from seeing what is passing below. A modest sign reads: "Gentlemen will please look over before you spit." E.

BOSTON, November 4, 1893.

# Notes.

THE 'Life and Letters' of the late Mrs. Lucy Stone will be compiled by her daughter, Alice Stone Blackwell, who requests the loan, for copying, of any characteristic letters of her mother. Miss Blackwell's address is Dorchester, Mass.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce a book of 'Pastoral Offices,' for marriages, baptisms, funerals, etc., by the Rev. Dr. William H. Furness.

Stone & Kimball, Cambridge and Chicago, make their début as publishers of somewhat elegant books with 'First Editions of American Authors,' by Herbert Stuart Stone; 'The Holy Cross, and Other Tales,' by Eugene Field; 'The Building of the City Beautiful,' by Joaquin Miller; and a new edition of 'His Broken Sword,' by Winnie Louise Taylor.

Ginn & Co. will have ready this month 'A First Book in Old English,' by Prof. Albert S. Cook of Yale.

Geo. Gottsberger Peck will shortly publish 'On the Cross,' a romance of the Passion Play at Oberammergau, by Wilhelmine von Hillern, translated by Mary J. Safford.

The autumn announcements of William Heinemann, London, include translations of Tolstoi's 'The Kingdom of God' (by Constance Garnett), Waliszewski's 'Romance of an Empress' (Catherine II. of Russia), Paul Gaulot's 'Marie Antoinette and Count Fersen,' under the title 'A Friend of the Queen,' and Émile Michel's 'Rembrandt' (by Florence Simmonds); a 'Life of Heinrich Heine,' by Richard Garnett; 'Letters of S. T. Coleridge,' edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge; 'Stray Memories,' by Ellen Terry; 'Rousseau, and Education according to Nature,' by Paul H. Hanus; 'Horace Mann, and Public Education in the United States,' by Prof. Nicholas Murray Butler; and 'My Paris Note-book,' by the little-scrupulous author of 'An Englishman in Paris.' The same publisher undertakes 'Songs on Stone,' a series of lithographic drawings in color, by J. McNeill Whistler.

F. W. Christern sends us prospectuses of a 'Recueil de Cartes, Plans et Vues relatifs aux États-Unis et au Canada: New York, Boston, Montréal, Québec, Louisbourg, 1651-1731,' reproduced from inedited sources in the Bibliothèque Nationale as a contribution to the Columbian centenary, and published by E. Dufossé, Paris; and of Adolf Furtwängler's 'Meisterwerke der Griechischen Plastik,' illustrated in a superb manner, often from examples of recent discovery or in private collections.

Since the sale of the Soleinne library just fifty years ago, no such collection of books about the stage—more particularly about the stage in France—has come on the market as that of the late Baron Taylor, which is to be sold the last week of this month in Paris. The catalogue has been prepared by the successors of M. Techener. Among the rarities is a play on "Judas Maccabeus" in the autograph of Calderon. The list abounds in curiosities, among which may be noted "Il Cromvele," a tragedy published in Bologna in 1671, and three French translations of Addison's "Cato."

Each year, for some years past, the Christmas number of *Harper's Magazine* has contained an elaborately illustrated article by Henry Van Dyke on some phase of Christian art connected with the infancy of Christ, from the Annunciation to the Dispute with the Doctors. These articles are now united in a volume which its subject and its pictures make an especially appropriate gift-book. Doubtless, also, the text will be pleasing to many. The author should not be confounded with John C. Van Dyke, the art critic and author of 'Art for Art's Sake,' whom he quotes in his preface.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have made a dainty little holiday volume (in the prevalent white covers) of Longfellow's 'Hanging of the Crane, and Other Poems of the Home.' It is beautifully printed by the Riverside Press and illustrated by eight little plates, by one of the photogravure processes, after various artists. The artists' names are not mentioned, and one must make out the signatures to be sure with whose work one is dealing. One of the cleverest is the illustration of the title poem by C. Carleton, who is not yet as well known as he is likely to be.

Two more volumes have appeared of the new Riverside Edition of Thoreau's Writings, namely, 'Cape Cod' and 'The Maine Woods,' and with the latter theme, at least, the dark green covers of this comely series are quite in harmony. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have also put out a new two-volume edition of the 'Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table' illustrated by Howard Pyle, and it is much to say for this artist that he has not marred the classic text by his restrained decorations and his clever full-page designs in photogravure. He sticks very closely to the Autocrat's personality, introducing the well-known face whenever called for, and has succeeded in adding with a free and sympathetic hand two acceptable portraits to the list of frontispieces to Dr. Holmes's works, after sun-pictures at different ages. For the rest, Mr. Pyle's imaginings are chiefly antiquarian, as become his own chosen style and his present author and book. Altogether we think no better presentation of the 'Autocrat' has yet been made.

Other holiday editions of well-known books are Thomas Nelson Page's 'Meh Lady,' with drawings by Mr. Reinhart (Scribner), and Sheridan's 'Rivals,' with many rather feeble drawings and five "aquarelles," all by Frank M. Gregory (Dodd, Mead & Co.).

Dodd, Mead & Co. have also brought out a very handsome edition of Maxime de la Rocheterie's 'Vie de Marie-Antoinette,' a book in which an honest effort is made to present a true picture of that unfortunate queen, so bitterly maligned by some, so fulsomely praised by others. A perennial interest attaches to the revolutionary period in France; and the scenes of that fearful time, together with the part the queen played in them, are related with a moderation and an earnest striving after impartiality which are highly satisfactory. The work is well translated by Mrs. Cora Hamilton Bell, and admirably manufactured. The illustrations are good and well chosen, the paper and the type of excellent quality; but why allow a blemish on the very first line of the title-page?

Daudet's 'Lettres de mon Moulin' is also made accessible in English and in equally handsome garb by the same firm. Apart from some absurd misapprehensions of the French original, the translation in no slight degree conserves the charm of the peculiarly captivating style of Daudet in these ever delightful pages. It is the work of Mr. F. Hunter Potter. The full-page colored illustrations, by Madeleine Lemaire, are showy, but mostly weak and inapt. Some of the headpieces by G. W. Edwards are good—not all, or nearly all. An excellent portrait of Daudet is prefixed to the volume.

'To Gypsy Land,' by Elizabeth Robbins Pennell (The Century Co.), gives us an account of the adventures and impressions of the author in her visits to gypsies, first in the United States and then in Hungary. The conclusion she reaches is that we can find the more interesting and romantic types of the race in this country; and she protests indignantly against the measures of the Hungarian Government to domesticate a people who have been vagrants

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for centuries. The book does not amount to much, but, thanks to a charmingly bright style, it makes a couple of hours' pleasant reading. The profuse illustrations are by Joseph Pennell.

We have already praised Mr. E. F. Knight's 'Where Three Empires Meet: A Narrative of Recent Travel in Kashmir, Western Tibet, Gilgit, and the Adjoining Countries' (Longmans), and we are glad to see that it is now reissued in a third and less expensive edition, still retaining the map and the fifty-four illustrations.

'Clear Round,' by E. A. Gordon (London: Sampson Low), is not very much worse or better than the average volume in the annual crop of books produced by tourists round the world. Canada, the Pacific, Japan, China, India, Egypt were visited, and are described with no originality of view or note of things not usually seen. The author is very English, and rakes up a good deal of exploded nonsense about the Dutch in old Japan, besides adding new inaccuracies. Appendices of notes, an index, a map of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and a few illustrations do not redeem the book from commonplace. One pleasant feature is the happy application of thoughts and fine phrases from the English poets to things seen and heard in Asia, while the general style is bright and pleasing.

The International Limited edition of the Waverley Novels issued in this country by Estes & Lauriat has reached the nineteenth volume with 'Ivanhoe' and 'The Monastery' in two volumes each. For the former, M. Ad. Lalauze has furnished the etched illustrations; for the latter, Mr. Gordon Browne the designs —the one weak in his figures so far as they are meant to be expressive and characteristic; the other vague as possible in backgrounds and accessories, in which the decorative French artist excels.

The pallid history of 'Woman in France during the Eighteenth Century,' by Julia Kavanagh, and the pallid historical romance of 'Old Court Life in France,' by Frances Elliot, have been launched anew by G. P. Putnam's Sons, in good print, and with portrait illustrations sufficiently harmonious in quality. Each fills two volumes, and so does Mrs. Gatty's fantastic 'Parables from Nature,' from the same house, with some embellishments (rather than illustrations) from a French source.

It is gratifying to receive the third extended 'Index to *Harper's Monthly Magazine*.' The last, published in 1886, covered the first seventy volumes, and was printed in odd pages, to allow for additions on the blank even pages. The latter have now been used to accommodate the contents of vols. 71–85, and with room to spare except in the case of the "Historical Record," whose fulness makes an apparent confusion, as the later volumes are sandwiched in with the earlier; but this is quickly understood. No attempt has been made to add to the class "Essays," and we doubt if anything is lost by it, since it is difficult to draw the line. The addition to the "Portraits" is notable. The "Easy Chair" is filled out to its abandonment last year on the death of the lamented Curtis.

We must also welcome an 'Index to the *Popular Science Monthly* from 1872 to 1892' (vols. i.-xl. and the twenty-one numbers of the Supplement), compiled by Frederick A. Fernald (D. Appleton & Co.). This, too, is printed in odd pages, and is an author and class index under one alphabet. The execution appears to be excellent, but while each portrait is noted under the individual name, we are surprised that there is no grouping of the whole series under one heading; all the more because this service has been rendered for the years 1872-1889 by Dr. H. Carrington Bolton, in the *Library Journal* for November, 1889.

The 'Manual of Telephony,' by William Henry Preece and Arthur J. Stubbs (London: Whittaker & Co.; New York: Macmillan), is intended to replace a volume on the telephone by W. H. Preece and Julius Maier, published in November, 1888, and reviewed in these columns. Very great progress has been made in the art since that time, and for this and other reasons the original work is now superseded. The present is probably the most elaborate and complete treatise which we possess. Great pains have been taken to make it a good book for reference. The first six chapters treat of transmitters and receivers, history, theory, and practice. These, and a chapter on comparative efficiency, make up part i. Part ii. treats of complementary apparatus, such as bells, relays, etc., typical forms of complete instruments, and the best methods of dealing with intermediate stations. Part iii. is devoted mainly to ordinary simple exchanges. Part iv. deals with the subject of multiple switches and large exchanges. Part v. takes up telephonic translators or transformers, call-offices, multiplex telephony, simultaneous telephony and telegraphy, military telephones, domestic switchboards, and selective or individual signals. Part vi. embraces construction wires and cables, and has an interesting chapter on the limiting distance of speech. An appendix contains valuable tables. We suggest that if the work should come to a second edition, a valuable chapter might be added on the actual performance of the telephone at the present time, on the long-distance telephony of this country, and on the special points in which further improvement is desirable. But as it is, the work deserves hearty praise.

'A Text-Book of the Theory and Practice of Medicine by American Teachers,' edited by Prof. William Pepper, M D., LL.D. (Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders), in two volumes, of which the first has just appeared, succeeds 'A System of Medicine by American Authors,' published under the same editorship in five volumes in 1885. The new book is more convenient in size and more condensed in matter, and the monographs which make it up are excellent examples of the better medical literature. The literary control of both works being the same, the continuous progress of the science of medicine is well marked. Two or three of the cleverest papers are by authors whose personal contact with their subjects cannot have been extensive; and, as so much of the value of medical papers depends upon the personal experience of the writers, it is a pity that these subjects could not have been treated by clinical and not merely scholastic authority. Nevertheless, the 'Text-Book' defines present high-water mark, and the more active the practitioner, the more perfectly he will appreciate its value.

'Public Health Problems,' by John F. J. Sykes, B.Sc., M.B. (Charles Scribner's Sons), is crammed full of well-expressed information on sanitary science, and is an admirable compendium for health officers, for physicians, and for all interested in sanitation. It is written from an English point of view, but it is well written, and fortunately public health is not insular. The only slip, and that merely a technical one, that we have noticed is in implying (p. 112) that the pneumococcus of Friedländer, rather than Sternberg's micrococcus Pasteuri, renamed M. pneumoniæ crouposæ, is the cause of pneumonia. The injunction (p. 236) that "epizoa, as mosquitoes, bugs, fleas, etc., should be kept from the body," without prescribing the method, at first looks like a weak attempt at humor. It is redeemed by the explanation that they may transfer disease, but, regardless of that, some practical mode of exemption, from mosquitoes at least, would be acceptable to American readers.

'An Introduction to the Study of the Dependent, Defective, and Delinquent Classes,' by C. R. Henderson, D.D. (Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.), is what it professes to be. There is nothing in it positively new to the tolerably well-informed student of such subjects; but as these branches or, to group them as the author does, this branch of sociology is not generally studied, it may serve as a real introduction for many well-disposed but as yet unenlightened persons. It is particularly commended to clergymen, who, as the clerical author remarks, "need what few educational institutions have until recently attempted to supply, a thorough training in the methods of social science," and to other benevolent persons whose emotions require direction if not restraint. A very acceptable feature in the make-up of this book is the introduction of authorities for study and illustration directly at the point of discussion. A copious bibliography is thus distributed exactly where it applies.

S. Rocheblave's 'Les Cochin' (Paris: Librairie de *l'Art;* New York: Macmillan) is one of the very best in the official series of "Les Artistes Célèbres." It deals fully with the three greatest engravers bearing the name, of whom the first, Nicolas Cochin le Vieux of Troyes (1628–1677), was not certainly related to Charles Nicolas Cochin (1688–1754) and his son and namesake (1715–1790) of Paris. A very interesting section is also given to the Dutch family of Horthemels, and the three sisters, engravers and painters, of whom the elder C. N. Cochin married one. This was a Jansenist connection, and the product of their burins forms an enduring part of the history of Port Royal. As the engravings of Nicolas of Troyes record the campaigns of Louis XIII. and the first of Louis XIV., with Condé for a leading figure, so C. N. Cochin, the father, illustrated the age of Louis XV.; and the son, a court favorite and protégé of Mme. de Pompadour, continued the pictorial annals of the same reign with extraordinary fecundity of design, but heralded the coming of the Revolution by furnishing the allegorical frontispiece of the 'Encyclopédie,' and by illustrating (absurdly, says M. Rocheblave) the works of Rousseau. The younger Cochin had already been studied by the Goncourts in their 'L'Art au 18e Siècle,' but here, as in the case of the elder Cochins, M. Rocheblave has added much by his intelligent researches. Of special interest are the chapters devoted to Cochin as an art critic (in his 'Voyage en Italie' and in other writings); he appears to have been greatly in advance of his time—witness his judgments of Raphael, of Veronese and the other Venetians. The work is profusely adorned with facsimiles of engravings by or after the artists we have mentioned, and is provided with lists of plates and with bibliographies.

The editor of the Tauchnitz collection of British authors, now nearing its three thousandth volume, continues to select his wares for purely mercantile reasons; and admission to the collection is no proof whatever of the literary merit of the book thus presented for circulation on the continent of Europe, although it is evidence as to the probable popularity of the book among the British at home

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and abroad. The American novelist most frequently represented in the last hundred volumes—of which he supplies seven—is Col. R. H. Savage, author of 'My Official Wife.' Only ten other volumes of the hundred are by American writers, chiefly Mark Twain, Bret Harte, and Marion Crawford.

With the November number the *Sewanee Review* enters on its second year, and now Prof. W. P. Trent's name appears as editor. The number contains a very sensible discussion of the evils of "Sectionalism in Finance," and a singularly open-minded article on "Uncle Tom's Cabin Forty Years After," by the Rev. Prof. Shoup, in which attention is drawn to the accuracy and impartiality of the book. That such a criticism should appear in a Southern review is of good augury for the future of the South.

The New York Shakspere Society will begin at New Year's the publication of a magazine, the *Bankside Quarterly*, devoted to Shakspeariana and the contemporary drama. It will be edited by members of the society, and published by the newly incorporated Shakspere Press.

—Beckford's heart would have leaped to embrace the delicious 'Vathek' of which Macmillan & Co. publish 150 numbered copies in America, with its dress of green silk reminding us of the annuals of his time, and its Arabian design stamped in gilt upon its side, such as Beckford's England could only dream of. Its etchings, by Herbert Nye, are steeped in the spirit of the story. The type, imitated, with supposed improvements, from a quarto Elzevir (a type not compressed like that of the pocket Elzevirs), is too modern in its business-like roundness and with its typewritery short tails to the *bs* and *ds*, *ps* and *qs*. It is printed moist upon a hand-made laid and creamy paper. A book-lover might wish it were in duodecimo instead of a nine-inch octavo. For the "library editions" of books of entertainment—say, a stately Alfred de Musset printed in a way fit for a *recueil* of treaties—are not for those that read their books. This volume, however, is by no means a flagrant offender. The old duodecimo was calculated, when bound, to weigh half a pound; a post octavo, a pound. A pretty tome that weighs no more than a pound and a half, instead of two, like most of its octavo brethren, may still pass for light reading. This can be said for 'Vathek': though written for young people just beginning to disregard the advice of their elders as to what they had best read (*virginibus puerisque*, said Beckford), and though it *was* read by most of us at that susceptible epoch, yet, no matter how old we have grown, so long as memory holds her seat, we never can cease to remember the termination of this tale. The present editor, Dr. Garnett, says, indeed, that everybody must like 'Vathek' who likes its *genre*. That depends upon what its genus is taken to be. If it is to be defined as a romance which seeks to make amends for the sensuality of its earlier parts by a heart-rending and terrible ending—if, in short, 'Vathek' is to be tossed upon the heap where rot 'Les liaisons dangereuses' and such—then the remark is, beyond doubt, true. But if by its *genre* is meant that of the 'Arabian Nights,' we must protest that the greatest charm of those stories, their child-like irreflectiveness, is signally lacking in 'Vathek.'

—Nevertheless, it is an immortal book, and it was written in one sitting—one sitting, of three days and two nights! So said Beckford himself, fifty years later; and why doubt it? Dr. Garnett thinks he disproves this by showing that the author was engaged upon the composition for at least a year altogether. But that proves nothing. Of course, Beckford had been turning it over in his head for months; and, of course, he made corrections and even alterations, later. Moreover, when he had written it, he did not perceive that he had written it. He thought he had only made an amazing good beginning. "My Arabian tales go on prodigiously," says he, April 25, 1781, and a few days later, "The tale of the Caliph Vathec goes on surprisingly." But all the labor of the many months following, down to the end of 1784, went to the production of additions, which his own incomparable good taste rejected *in toto* at last. Recipe for making an immortal book: Write it at one sitting in 3 days and 2 nights; devote 3½ years to improving it, and then publish it as near as possible as it originally was. It was written, by the way, in French, and our English text is nothing but Henley's translation, which was published in advance of the original, in spite of Beckford's prohibition. The French reads far the better.

—About a year ago we called attention to the new 'Dante-Handbuch' of the indefatigable bilingual Swiss scholar, Dr. G. A. Scartazzini, who preferred making a new book in German to translating and revising his Italian 'Prolegomeni' of the year before, or to expanding his earlier 'Manuale Dantesco.' The 'Dante-Handbuch' Mr. A. J. Butler, the English editor and translator of Dante, has now put into English under the title of 'A Companion to Dante' (Macmillan). The version is satisfactory, and will no doubt be of value to students in England and America. We wish, however, that Mr. Butler had allowed himself more liberty in the treatment of his original. The 'Handbuch' is diffuse in style and overweighted with irrelevant material; it could with profit be greatly abbreviated. The translator might, too, have added much that would be of value. He has omitted Scartazzini's frequent bibliographical lists on the ground that the books he mentions are in foreign tongues, or inaccessible to the English reader; but he should surely have inserted compensating references to English and American publications, such, for example, as the various translations of Dante's minor works. After all, it is not so much a translation that the 'Handbuch' needs for our purposes as a comple e remodelling. Scartazzini is learned and industrious, but he is also narrow, pedantic, and whimsical. We still lack a companion to the study of Dante that shall give us all the necessary facts, a candid statement of the main theories in regard to disputed points, a discriminating bibliography, and material (such as has never been published in English) which will enable the student to see Dante, not through the mists of polemics and text-criticism, but in his proper relation to the decay of mediæval and the birth of Renaissance thought.

—The last report (for the year ending June 20, 1893) of the "Women's University Settlement for work among the poorer districts of London" is of special and timely interest from the fact that it gives full details of the latest feature of the Association—professional philanthropic training. This English society is the first to institute courses, lectures, and two scholarships tenable at the Settlement, for the training of workers. This step, we are told, has been taken in the "hope of raising the standard of social work among the poor, . . . of meeting an increased demand for trained workers, . . . and to attract those who wish to prepare themselves either for paid or honorary posts . . . in Southwark, in other parts of London, or in the country." The training (begun in January, 1893) is formulated as follows: "The ordinary course," which extends over one year, divided into three terms of thirteen weeks each, is intended to give an outline of general principles and sound methods, and consists of weekly lectures, the preparation of papers, and reading, and of practical work under other workers. For the first six months three days a week are spent with charity organization committees, the other three in some special Settlement work in connection with already existing local agencies; the wise policy of the Settlement being to supplement rather than originate philanthropic centres of energy. During the second six months, "practice" is divided between visits to societies and institutions in London for the purpose of observing and comparing their methods and results, in the keeping of accounts, and in some special branch of outdoor work selected with a view to the student's preparation for her future employment. The fees (inclusive of board, lodging, and teaching) are £50 a year for resident students, and £10 for non-residents; these latter must attend lectures, and give not less than four days a week to the active work. Moreover, students are offered at their option a second year, "so as to gain a more thorough knowledge of some special branch of the work." Curiously enough, in this first year the two scholarships are held by non-collegiate women. Outsiders may attend the lectures by payment of from 5s. to 10s. per term, or of 2s. for a single lecture.

—As the character and efficiency of work among "the submerged tenth" depends largely upon women, it is a matter of public interest whenever any body of women philanthropists thus publicly recognize how closely the every-day difficulties of social work are connected with economics, with local government, with poor-law administration—in a word, with those fundamental business principles which underlie the decent and successful ordering of a modern municipality. Among the lecturers during the two terms which ended in July, we find Miss Octavia Hill instructing in the "Principles and Methods of Keeping Accounts," Mr. Bernard Bosanquet on the "Duties of a Citizen," and Mr. J. Lowles on "How London is Governed," while the lectures for the term beginning in October were to be on "The Poor Law" and the "Relation of Economics to some Social Questions." The risks and difficulties of definitely attaching to a primarily philanthropic movement the diverse responsibilities and claims of an educational "experiment" were frankly confessed in the prospectus of the scheme, but Mrs. Henry Sidgwick (principal of Newnham College), at the recent annual meeting of the Settlement Association, asserted that any objections that might be made to training of that sort on the ground of its sometimes checking spontaneity, were quite outweighed by its advantages, "as it was a method of obtaining in a short time what unaided experience would take years to teach." This new departure of our English cousins in formally recognizing a need which has hitherto been rather disjointedly met by University Settlements in both England and America, marks an important step in the evolution of Settlement life. The report discloses a percentage of permanency at the Southwark Settlement higher than has been obtained among our-

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selves: of the 18 residents for the current year, 12 have been in residence from four years to ten months, the average being twenty months; of the 6 new workers added to the force in 1893, 5 represent an equally permanent element. These English women, out of their own experience, have found that all the finer qualities are wanting in the service which is casual, transitory, or much broken. "Some things may be done by the passing helper, but not the best things." Finally, their eventual aim is nobly stated in these words: "We hope . . . that each year shall find us less of settlers and more of citizens of Southwark, . . . helping not less in the charities, but yet more in the duties of the place we have made our home—duties which city and village, East End and West End, alike call upon its inhabitants to perform in the spirit of true citizenship, or, in other words, of true brotherhood."

—The nineteenth annual report of the Japanese Department for Education, with the accompanying 'Outlines of Modern Education in Japan,' calls for less critical notice than usual, because of a wholesome fact. Under the energetic administration of the new Minister of State for Education, Mr. Kōno Tokama, who assumed his office August 8, 1892, there has been made a searching criticism of existing standards of attainment. In the 'Outlines,' a valuable historical retrospect of over two hundred pages, this critical spirit is especially manifest, and wholesomely takes the place of mere laudation or colorless statement. The determination of the Government to hold the people up to a thorough national reinvigoration through culture is manifest in various ways. Sometimes this takes the form of hostile jealousy towards private or non-governmental schools, in which, it is believed, most of the "half-baked" *soshi* are mis-educated. These young fire-eaters, who dictate policies to cabinet ministers and attack members of the Diet with deadly weapons, are mostly ill-educated boys who have imbibed just enough of foreign ideas to make them dangerous. The insistence upon thorough courses in the schools under Government control is believed to be an effective preventive measure against too large a crop of *soshi*. The other methods of educational elevation of the people are shown in the steadily rising standard of admission to the middle and higher schools, and in the liberal rewarding of well-trained native teachers with responsible positions. This necessarily results in the employment of fewer foreign instructors, so that there are now (1891) but 252 American and other instructors in the Japanese schools, whereas in 1890 there were 287. In addition to the schools of almost every sort known in Europe or America, the development of public libraries is noteworthy. Fifteen of the large cities have libraries in operation, one at Fukushima having 18,225 volumes, and another at Miyagi, 3,719. The Imperial University library contains 187,551, of which 81,986 are in European languages, that of Tokyo having 31,629, of which 2,332 are foreign works. While not progressing as rapidly as it ought, the public library system shows a healthy growth in Japan. We note that while the Academy has not the fame of its French prototype, it has twenty-seven members, and is in full activity of nearly monthly meetings open to the public. Ten of the members have passed the sixty-year line which insures them pensions for life. In a word, the work of education in Japan, at present, is one of firm establishment and steady improvement, rather than enlargement or extraordinary change.

## PIATT AND BOYNTON'S THOMAS.—II.

*General George H. Thomas:* A Critical Biography. By Donn Piatt. With concluding chapters by Henry V. Boynton. 8vo, pp. viii, 658. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

THE appendix to Piatt's book is added upon the hypothesis that his death interfered with a purpose to continue the work. There are indications that the author did not view it so. He had a curious theory that the possession of Chattanooga was in itself all that was necessary, and the conclusion of his sixteenth chapter had declared that Rosecrans's campaign ended "in the capture of Chattanooga and virtually the end of the war." The siege of that place followed. Chapter xix. is a running summary; the author himself then wrote the introduction and preface, and had apparently done all he intended. The added chapters are in two very distinct parts. There is an interesting and uncontroversial account of Wilson's cavalry campaign of Selma in the spring of 1865, which is so different in tone and literary style from the rest as to indicate its preparation by a third writer. The remainder is from Boynton's pen, and is, in substance, a repetition from his 'Historical Raid,' published in 1875, of the chapters criticising events after May, 1864, in which General Thomas had a part. A final chapter is devoted to supposed grievances of Thomas in his assignments to duty after the war, and especially to an alleged "suppression" of a part of his telegraphic correspondence with Washington during the Nashville campaign. It is now charged that Grant was responsible for this, and, in the Piattesque language which becomes the appendix to such a volume, it is declared to be an "assassination." On reading the "suppressed" telegrams, no murderous motive for suppression is visible, for they contain nothing startling, or which materially changes the discussion of the reasonableness of Grant's demand for earlier activity. Common sense would conclude that nothing worse than carelessness was probably chargeable. It is a wanton offence against good taste and an injury to the memory of Gen. Thomas to connect it with his death. The "suppression" is described as being a failure completely to fulfil a promise made by Grant, then President, to furnish Boynton as a newspaper correspondent with copies of the telegraphic correspondence mentioned, to be used for newspaper publication, or, as collation of dates would seem to indicate, in the preparation of his 'Historical Raid.'

The attacks upon Sherman differ from those published so long ago chiefly in ornamentation by epithets. In the original there was a little affectation of personal respect for the general and a little recognition of his standing in the world as a great soldier. Nearly twenty years have gone by, and the dead lion is now, as in the fable, the target for kicks. His great campaigns are a story of "uniform and unbroken failure," a "bungling business," a "mortifying story." His march to the sea is "abandoning his objective," "marching away from the theatre of war," from a "desire to reach Gen. Grant and have an equal share with him and the army of the Potomac in ending the war"! Every dishonorable motive is personally attributed to him, and the indications of passionate hatred are everywhere apparent. The result will inevitably be the same as with the body of the book; its extravagance defeats itself, and it will pass into literature as railing and not criticism.

As we cannot examine in detail every part of such a tirade, let us confine our attention to the march to the sea and the provision made by Sherman for accomplishing at once the ruin of Hood and of the Confederate cause. We are told that Sherman left Thomas to "confront an enemy which had sorely tried the metal of General Sherman's three armies for half a year." This is a travesty of the fact. Hood's army was the same in nominal organization as that of Johnston, but *quantum mutatus ab illo!* By his rash assaults on Sherman's lines around Atlanta he had reduced his divisions to a fraction of their former strength, so that the military men of the Confederacy have agreed with all others that it was a fearful waste of a splendid army. The reduction of numbers gave a certain added mobility, approximating that which Jefferson Davis thought would enable him to prolong the war indefinitely when small and scattered bodies might elude the heavier columns of their pursuers and weary them out in the chase. When Hood began his movement in October upon the rear of our army, Davis had incautiously announced the plan to manœuvre Sherman back into Tennessee and thus to regain the territory lost in two campaigns. The report of the speech came to Sherman and he was forewarned. Hood made desperate efforts to avoid fighting while leading our army a long chase to the rear. Sherman pursued him a hundred miles northward, nearly to Chattanooga. Hood doubled on his tracks like a hare, and raced southward behind the mountains of Taylor's Ridge to Gaylesville and Gadsden, Alabama. Sherman followed hotly to Gaylesville, while Hood doubled again and made for the Tennessee River. It was here that Sherman halted and reported to Grant that his thorough effort had proved vain, and that Hood's comparatively small force could continue this game indefinitely, for not only could he live on the country, but he exhausted it so that the chasing columns had to carry their supply trains with them and be delayed by them. Then it was that he determined that if Hood passed west of Decatur he would divide his army, leave Thomas, whose headquarters were already at Nashville, to meet Hood, and make the crushing final movement to Savannah and thence through the Carolinas. At Tuscumbia near the Mississippi line, Beauregard and Hood stood in dismay at the result of their manœuvring, and the Confederate Government at Richmond was trembling at the vision of speedy and final ruin. This is the situation when we hear a voice screaming, "Sherman has abandoned the object of his campaign and has run away from Hood to get under Grant's wing."

In making the march to the sea, cutting loose from his communications, Sherman had necessarily to reckon upon two things: first, that he could get no reinforcements, supplies, or ammunition till he opened new communications with his friends; second, that the forces left to confront Hood could be supplied and reinforced to any extent that might be necessary. The country from the Tennessee River to the Ohio was in two departments, one under Thomas, the other under Schofield. Sherman had confidence in both as competent to conduct a campaign, and, by leaving both behind him, he provided for contingencies. Thomas was made chief, and could call on all the troops in Schofield's department as well as his own, and have a second in command on whom he could thoroughly rely. The garrisons at posts in these departments were, of course, to be concentrated to the utmost. If Hood were beaten, the posts would be safe. If he were not, the garrisons would have to surrender. To say that Sherman's direction to "break up all

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minor posts and get about Columbia as big an army as you can, and go at him," was "equivalent to abandoning the country it had taken two years to secure," not only is puerile, but condemns Thomas, whom it professes to praise, for he did this identical thing before he finally fought the battle of Nashville. The concentration was to be in front of Hood and to keep him busy, at the same time covering the country behind.

Again, we are told that Thomas's command was made up of "odds and ends" and of "trash" sent back by Sherman. The record proves this untrue. The troops under Rousseau, Steedman, and Granger in garrisons in Tennessee and north Alabama were old organizations of the Army of the Cumberland, and all showed their quality in this very campaign. They fought in defence of Decatur and Murfreesboro, or took part in the battle of Nashville. Sherman's sick and "footsore" did *not* appear in Thomas's list of present for duty. They were in hospital or on sick-furlough. His convalescents were organized into a division under Gen. Cruft and fought with the best.

Finally, the assertion is made that Gen. Sherman had, in the opening of his spring campaign, a force "more than double that of the enemy," while Gen. Thomas, until after the battle of Franklin, "was outnumbered two to one." These statements are made with an affectation of knowledge of the official records, which contradict them both. As to the armies of Sherman and Johnston, the statistical paper by Maj. E. C. Dawes in the 'Century War Book' (vol. iv, p. 281) is an accurate synopsis of official reports of numbers. It shows the proportion between the two armies to have been as ten to seven. As to Thomas's strength relative to Hood's, it would seem that reckless disregard of the official records could hardly go further. The misstatements are so glaring that one wonders if the writer ever saw the returns of force made from Thomas's own headquarters. Making constant assertion that he is speaking from the record, and constantly assuming that he is an expert in investigating the official returns, he regularly gives figures having no resemblance whatever to those which Gen. Thomas himself sent to Washington every ten days in accordance with army regulations. These astonishing reprints of old falsifications of the records are made now when the forty-fifth volume of the War Records containing the official figures after November 12 is being put in type, and when those of preceding dates are already published and placed in every considerable library of the country.

Let us first fix the force under Hood's command, which we are told was twice as large as Thomas's. In volume xxxix, part 3, we find it tabulated on page 893, giving 35,662 officers and men present for duty; of this number 2,857 is cavalry. But this includes only one of the divisions of cavalry, the others being absent with Forrest, and the whole when present amounting to nearly or quite 10,000 horsemen. The smaller total which the Confederates give under the title of "effectives" will be omitted, for reasons that have been given in these columns in our review of Allan's 'Army of Northern Virginia.' A larger total, under title of "aggregate present," is also omitted in speaking both of the national and the Confederate forces. It included the sick in camp and the detached and extra-duty men. Thomas's connection with Sherman was broken on November 12. The troops which had been assigned to him had been before that under his orders, but their returns were not all made through his headquarters till that time. His reports, made every ten days, include on November 20 for the first time the Twenty-third Corps and other additions made by Sherman to his force. The official records prepared for publication in the xlvth volume show that, on the date just mentioned, Thomas reported his troops "present for duty" to be 71,463. This did not include the employees of the Quartermaster's and Commissary's Departments, which were organized into a division under Gen. Donaldson, and were used to supply the place of enlisted soldiers in garrisons, as General Thomas himself states. It did include, however, the whole of Wilson's cavalry corps, numbering 17,323, of which the same report shows that 11,578 were "equipped." The dismounted cavalry were available to relieve garrisons, and, both in the Atlanta campaign and in this, sometimes fought as infantry. On the date of this report Hood began his advance from the Tennessee River, and the preceding eight days had been available for the concentration of the national forces either at Decatur, Ala., or at Pulaski, near the southern border of Tennessee, where the Fourth and Twenty-third Corps already were. Sherman's directions to abandon minor posts and concentrate were not followed; yet the official figures show that the ratio "two to one" was very nearly applicable in exactly the opposite sense from that in which Boynton uses it.

On November 30, the date of the battle of Franklin, Thomas made another official return to the Adjutant-General's office, showing 85,450 "present for duty," still omitting the division of employees. His cavalry was now returned at 20,929, of which 12,570 were "equipped." Still there was no concentration at the front, and although Hood's force was reduced by 8,000 in that sanguinary battle and the affairs which preceded it, Schofield was ordered to fall back to Nashville, where the concentration was finally made. This was the period when Grant said he had expected, at least, that the stunning blow Hood had suffered should have been followed by an offensive return, and when Lincoln, Stanton, and Grant were all alarmed at the enemy's continued progress northward.

Eight days of good weather followed, during which Hood not only advanced to besiege in Nashville his vastly stronger opponent, but from his diminished force detached one whole division and part of another to attack Murfreesboro and to burn the railroad bridges between that place and the very picket line at Nashville. Forrest took part in this with his cavalry, and raided the country far to the northeast beyond Lebanon, sending a detachment into Kentucky to operate on the railroad behind Thomas. During that whole week nothing was done on the national side, the desire to "wait until Wilson can equip all his cavalry" being the reason which Gen. Thomas gave. Then it was that remonstrances at Washington changed to commands to "wait no longer for a remount of your cavalry."

On the 10th of December Thomas reported that he had present for duty 87,710, still omitting the division of employees. His cavalry was now returned at 22,829, of which 13,214 were "equipped." On the 9th the memorable storm of rain and sleet gave good reason for not then beginning aggressive operations, and the delay in beginning the fight from that day to the 15th is not open to criticism. Before that time, however, during the whole of Schofield's retreat with the two corps the eighty miles from Pulaski to Nashville, there was not a single day when it was not entirely feasible for Thomas to concentrate in front of Hood a larger force than the whole with which that general crossed the Tennessee. The movements of troops actually made by rail during that period afford a measure of time and transportation that demonstrates it.

The figures quoted above have been accessible in the War Records Office to every serious investigator. The writers of the book before us were both residents of Washington, and one of them has professed to be familiar with the records. Yet, in the face of them, for twenty years the welkin has been made to ring with the assertion that Thomas was forced to meet Hood with shockingly inadequate means—so inadequate as to make it proof of a wish to destroy him. The false witness as to the records has been made the basis of insulting diatribes against the great soldiers whose fame is a national treasure, and who were far older, more intimate, and truer friends of Thomas than any of these would-be champions. They had spurred him to a vigor which finally made his glory safe, and put him, too, among those the country delighted to honor. Then they congratulated him in words which are as gold to dross when compared with the adulation of flatterers. The victory at Nashville proved that Grant spoke the truth in his despatch of December 9, when his words were: "I have as much confidence in your conducting the battle rightly as I have in any other officer." The figures and dates in the official records prove that he was quite as correct in saying, "but it has seemed to me you have been slow, and I have had no explanation of affairs to convince me otherwise." To Sherman, Thomas's success was as essential as his own, and his injunction to "get about Columbia as big an army as you can and go at him," was the essence of military wisdom as well as enterprise. To say that out of 71,463 present for duty in Tennessee a commander could not concentrate enough to stop the advance of 45,000, is to stultify one's self. What posts, garrisons, and reserves does any such person suppose Hood had left behind him in Alabama and Mississippi? The enemy can concentrate, but we cannot!

Candid persons have generally been content to let the satisfaction at a glorious result cover the preceding steps; and they would gladly refrain from criticism and forget the universal alarm the country felt when Hood crossed the Tennessee and steadily marched forward to Nashville. But these superserviceable friends of Gen. Thomas will not have it so. By the indecency of their assaults upon others, and the effrontery of their appeal to the official records, they make their exposure a duty. They are the only real enemies to the military reputation of Gen. Thomas.

## RECENT POETRY.

In *Fliegende Blätter*, a man points out to his wife a wild-looking personage and says, "That man, my dear, has rendered eminent services to German poetry." "Why—because he writes so well?" "No; because he has stopped writing." On this general principle, the compiler of a collection of poems has often the advantage over those whose works he uses, since he knows when to stop, and they perhaps do not. Thus we have never seen the recent Canadian poetry appear to such advantage as in 'Later Canadian Poems' (Toronto: Copp Clark Co.), forming a supplement to the earlier collection of Sladen in his 'Younger American Poets.' Mr. Wetherell has also far more taste and discretion than his predecessor; and

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as he includes no poem published before 1880, the work has a certain freshness. He has verses by writers now well known in the United States—Roberts, Lampman, Cameron, Carman, and others—and it is interesting to see the pictures of these authors, because they look so very youthful. Mr. Cameron was born in 1854 and died in 1885, but no other poet represented was born earlier than 1860. It is certain that the Canadian poets have already developed much power in describing the peculiar landscape features of their land, and that they have in a few cases struck deep human notes; but there is about them an effect of vague longing which might almost seem to be satirized in Mr. Wetherell's motto on his title-page:

"But thou, my Country, dream not thou!
Wake and behold how night is done."

How can the most gifted Canadian poet apostrophize his country until he knows whether his country is Canada or England?

'Songs of the Common Day, and Ave! an Ode for the Shelley Centenary,' by Charles G. D. Roberts (Longmans), really puts its author at the head of these young Canadian poets. It would be hard to find any one this side the St. Lawrence who could surpass the fine imaginative touch of this which follows (p. 56):

EPITAPH FOR A SAILOR BURIED ASHORE.

He who but yesterday would roam
Careless as clouds and currents range,
In homeless wandering most at home,
Inhabiter of change;

Who wooed the West to win the East,
And named the stars from North and South,
And felt the zest of freedom's feast
Familiar in his mouth;

Who found a faith in stranger-speech
And fellowship in foreign hands,
And had within his eager reach
The relish of all lands—

How circumscribed a plot of earth
Keeps now his restless footsteps still,
Whose wish was wide as ocean's girth,
Whose will the waters' will.

Another pleasing volume of Canadian poems, seemingly by an author too young to be included among Mr. Wetherell's bards, is 'Canadian Melodies and Poems,' by George E. Merkley (Toronto: Hart & Riddell). This author, too, has his hopeful utterances in regard to colonial poetry: he says that "the dearth of national literature in Canada is to be deplored"; and, as if in answer to the reasonable inquiry as to how there can be a national literature without a nation, he asks in turn, "Did not the Greek colonies produce a literature worthy to be compared with that of Athens in her glory?" (p. vi).

Mr. William Wilfrid Campbell, still another of the young Canadians, has published a volume inadequately entitled 'The Dread Voyage' (Toronto: Briggs), which, while marked by prevailing shadow, has this delicately cut gem (p. 150):

"Love came at dawn when all the world was fair,
When crimson glories, bloom and song were rife;
Love came at dawn when hope's wings fanned the air,
And murmured, 'I am life.'

"Love came at even, when the day was done,
When heart and brain were tired, and slumber pressed;
Love came at eve, shut out the sinking sun,
And whispered, 'I am rest.'"

Goldwin Smith's 'Bay Leaves' (Macmillan), by an author who is at least a Canadian *pro tem.*, is an agreeable *mélange* of Latin fragments, aiming to do for Roman poetry what Edwin Arnold and Dean Milman did many years ago for that of Greece. His style of translation suits the dignity of Lucretius better than the easy grace of Catullus; his touch being a trifle too heavy for this last poet. The preface is admirable and singularly condensed; he points out that there is no such barrier between ourselves and the Roman poets as that which separates us from Homer and Æschylus, and thinks that Gibbon was quite right in holding that no age would have suited him better than that of the Antonines. On the whole, Mr. Smith succeeds best with Horace, an artist a shade less delicate than Catullus, and it would be hard to find a better modernizing of the ancient spirit than this version of the familiar "Tu ne quæsieris, scire nefas" (p. 45):

"Draw not that curtain, lady mine;
Seek no diviner's art,
To read my destiny or thine—
It is not wisdom's part.

"Whether our years be many more,
Or our last winter this
Which breaks the waves on yonder shore—
Our ignorance is bliss.

"Then fill the wine-cup while you can,
And let us banish sorrow;
Cut short thy hopes to suit thy span,
And never trust to-morrow."

We miss the graceful turn of the "envious time" (*invida Aetas*), and there is a jangle between the "you" and "thy" in this last verse; but it is an uncommonly good paraphrase, nevertheless.

To turn to recent English volumes, 'The Poems of Arthur Henry Hallam, together with his essay on the lyrical poems of Tennyson' (Macmillan) are edited by another poet, Richard Le Gallienne, who introduces them with an interesting and, on the whole, satisfactory memoir. The poems themselves are less satisfying; we nowhere find in them that "master bowman" of whom Tennyson wrote, and their technique is curiously negligent for the friend of an artist so exquisite. Thus Hallam rhymes (p. 73) "breathest" and "sweetest," and his sonnets are a chaos as to the sequence of the rhymes. Nor will his essay on Tennyson, published in August, 1831, in the *Englishman's Magazine*, make much impression on the American reader, since Tennyson found a welcome so much more promptly here than in England. But the book certainly deserves a valued place among Tennysoniana.

Mr. H. D. Rawnsley's 'Valete: Tennyson, and Other Memorial Poems' (Glasgow: MacLehose), if exhibiting no marks of genius, has also a place among Tennysoniana. The late laureate was married, it seems, at Shiplake-on-Thames, the residence of Mr. Rawnsley's father, and the memorial poem has many details, both in the text and in the notes, of the boyish life of Tennyson and his brothers. There is also a sonnet to Charles Tennyson Turner, the best known of these brothers, but it is wanting in that peculiar charm which marks this poet's own early sonnets.

A book to be assigned to the class of Wordsworthiana is 'Poems, Old and New,' by Charles D. Bell, D.D., Honorary Canon of Carlisle (London: Arnold), a thick volume which, with a good deal that is mediocre, yet conveys to us from the English Lake District a pleasing prolongation of Wordsworth's spirit. There is also a sonnet on Niagara; and various complimentary letters from Longfellow, Whittier, and Holmes are cited, after the English fashion, at the end. 'Musa Consolatrix,' by Charles Sayle (London: Nutt), is one of those volumes of thoughtful and measured verse which come to us sometimes from the English universities (in this case Cambridge), bringing along with their Greek mottoes a simpler and more genuine character than London commonly yields. It is not the author's first literary venture; without having any salient quality, its tone is pure and manly. 'Teresa, and Other Poems,' by James Rhoades (Longmans), is a volume of serious and thoughtful poetry by an author already well known as a successful translator of Virgil. It contains some strong sonnets, and a poem, called "The Lay of the Oubliette" (p. 105), which ought to take its place in collections, as a tale of woman's heroism, finer and less hackneyed than the inexhaustible "Curfew must not ring to-night." 'Secular Poems,' by Henry Vaughan and his twin-brother Thomas, selected and annotated by J. R. Tutin (Hull, England: Tutin), will doubtless disappoint those who know the former only by those religious poems which take rank with George Herbert's. Yet there are here a few love-poems to "Etesia" which have something of the same refined flavor.

'Through Starlight to Dawn,' by A. Ernest Hinshelwood (London: Gay & Bird), consists largely of "A Tribute of Sonnets," mainly love-sonnets; a series singularly thoughtful and tender, and also highly finished. They have, however, the defects that accompany those qualities, and their absolute uniformity is monotonous. In the whole forty-three there is not only no variation from the Italian model, but there is no acceptance of that variety in the sequence of rhymes which Petrarch and Rossetti fearlessly practised, and which gives such relief. Indeed, the tendency of poets now is to distribute their sonnets among their other poems for the further avoidance of monotony—as is done, for instance, in Lowell's 'Heart's-ease and Rue.' A strong and complete sonnet is really too fine and unique a thing to be simply stood up in a row with fifty others, each ticketed with its number, like a convict or an American Chinaman.

The Celtic flavor is apparent in Sir John Croker Barrow's 'The Seven Cities of the Dead, and Other Poems, Lyrics and Sonnets' (Longmans). The author is vehemently conservative as to "Woman's Rights" (p. 126):

"For she will find, if Holy Writ she search,
Man head of Woman is, as Christ of Church."

But in regard to Ireland he writes (p. 128)

A LAST APPEAL.

Great-hearted Englishmen! yourselves so free,
So chivalrous in aid of all oppressed;
So just, so generous, to all distressed,
Whoever, or wherever they may be!
Look once again across Saint George's Sea
To that fair island waiting your behest;
And whilst new hopes are kindling in her breast,
In pity listen to her final plea;
Heed not the threats of those who more or less
Would re-enact the persecuting past:
Heed not the sneers of party pen or Press.
Great-hearted Englishmen! the die is cast!
Establish peace, a peace that will endure;
Make Ireland free, and England thus secure!

'Skeleton Leaves' (Longmans) is the rather unsatisfying title of a volume containing a long poem by Mr. F. Leyton, whose previous volume, 'The Shadows of the Lake,' was favorably reviewed in these columns. The present book is inscribed "To the Chairman and Members of the Howard Association who have done so much to rescue the Orphan Children of this Country from a Contamination which is often worse than death." It is a sombre and powerful poem, and withal dignified and without sensationalism; it is written in blank verse, and shows a directness and earnestness which are rather out of fashion among the younger English poets. 'Woman Free,' by Ellis Ethelmer (London: Women's Emancipation Union), is a tract rather than a poem, having about thirty pages of rhyme and nearly two hundred of notes. It is written in a good cause which it hurts by over-vehemence; and the notes are a curious hodge-podge of valuable and valueless authorities. It will be enough for American readers to know that it cites as competent authority that utterly worthless book 'Esoteric Anthropology,' by T. L. Nichols, M.D., and quotes profusely and enthusiastically from Mrs. Farnham's 'Woman and her Era,' which would not now be placed nearly so high by re-

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formers on this side of the water. Mr. Elmer cites also "the American physiologist, Helen H. Gardener." The whole tone of the book throws away as useless all that air of caution and fairness which is so peculiarly important when a layman handles scientific themes.

A book called 'Selections from the Verse of Augusta Webster' (Macmillan) gives an uncommonly well-chosen selection from the many volumes of one of the best of England's women poets—one who, if she never rises above a certain point, rarely falls below it. Compared with Emily Dickinson and Helen Jackson—to name no other Americans—the Englishwomen who now write poetry do not seem daring or passionate or profound; they yield few haunting strains, but they are thoughtful, finished, cultivated, well-bred. It would be impossible, for illustration, to find any one more un-English than Miss Guiney, who is, indeed, of Celtic blood, and who shows in her thin volume, 'A Roadside Harp' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), enough of varied thought and impulse and motive to set up a dozen Mrs. Websters. Yet she is always disappointing—the reader always expects that the next time, or the next, her yeast will appear as bread, but that period is still postponed, though it is clearly coming nearer.

Future bibliographers will be somewhat puzzled, no doubt, over the numerous volumes by Mr. and Mrs. Piatt, so often have their contents been recombined and rearranged. We have in times past called attention to the beauty and pathos of Mrs. Piatt's Irish poems, and she now reprints them in a separate volume, 'An Enchanted Castle, and Other Poems: Pictures, Portraits, and People in Ireland' (Longmans). Mr. J. J. Piatt, like his wife, selects for the English public a book of local poems, his being 'Lyrics and Poems of the Ohio Valley' (Longmans). It is a curious fact that, with all his love of his native region and all his gift of local coloring, his best poem should be "The Morning Street," whose strength lies wholly in its city flavor. Written thirty-five years ago, it still remains his permanent contribution to the anthologies.

'Such as They Are,' a volume of poems by Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Mary Thacher Higginson (Boston: Roberts), is, so far as we remember, the first joint book of American verses, by a husband and wife, except in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Piatt. Lowell and others have included poems by their wives, but anonymously. This small volume has been most gracefully illustrated by Garrett, through head and tail-pieces. A portion of the poems have already appeared in the magazines; but others are wholly new, as, for instance, this brief opening lyric:

THE TRUMPETER.

I blew, I blew, the trumpet loudly sounding;
I blew, I blew, my heart within me bounding.
The world was fresh and fair, yet dark with wrong,
And men stood forth to conquer at the song
I blew, I blew, I blew.

The field is won; the minstrels loud are crying,
And all the world is peace; and I am dying.
Yet this forgotten life was not in vain;
Enough if I alone recall the strain
I blew, I blew, I blew.

Mrs. Higginson's poems, which have only recently made themselves known among magazine-readers, sometimes deal with external nature and occasionally have a little sermon in song, like the following:

REPRIEVE.

Tempests and clouds made dark the day
For fitful Madge and me;
At length repentance had its way,
And brought her to my knee.

The softened eyes revealed a tear;
But hope is brave at ten.
"Will you forgive me, Mother dear?
Can I begin again?"

"O child," I said, with weary sigh,
"Too often you begin";
"Yes, Mother," and the calm reply
Showed victory within.

In this remorseful heart sank deep
My lambkin's pleading glance;
What if the Shepherd of the sheep
Denied me one more chance?

Mr. Garrett has also illustrated as well as edited a charming volume of 'Elizabethan Songs' (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.), which is, however, weakened, not adorned, by one of Andrew Lang's jauntiest and shallowest prefaces.

Mr. R. W. Gilder, who likes to issue his poems in small volumes as dainty and delicate as themselves, publishes 'The Great Remembrance, and Other Poems' (Century Co.) in this refined style, his wife furnishing the illustrations. The title-poem is a memorial of the war, and does not, except in single lines, rise greatly above the accustomed level of such contributions; but there are in the book, small as it is, many of those delicate cameos in which no one of our poets, not even Aldrich, exceeds this author. Take, for instance, this song (p. 71):

"Fades the rose; the year grows old;
The tale is told;
Youth doth depart—
Only stays the heart.

"—Ah no! it stays the heart,
Youth can ne'er depart
Nor the sweet tale be told—
Never the rose fade, nor the year grow old."

Mr. James Whitcomb Riley, like the other poets, combines and rearranges his poems, and gives us, in the beautiful typography of the De Vinne Press, his 'Poems Here at Home' (Century Co.). No one can read them without feeling anew that he is at the head of all the living dialect poets; nor did Lowell himself ever achieve anything in dialect so profoundly human and pathetic as Riley's "The Old Man and Jim." Perhaps no other poem, in dialect or not, strikes so completely at the heart of the average experience of the civil war, North or South—its genuineness, its simplicity, its homeliness, its unspoken tragedies. It is a hard ordeal for a poet to intermingle this subdued pathos with the simpler homelinesses of daily life—"The Raggedy Man," "The Boy Lives on Our Farm," "The Literary," and the like (and why omit "Let's go a Visitin' down to Grigsby's Station," the best of all this class?)—and then to include serious and simple poems with no dialect at all. Yet how well Mr. Riley does it may be seen in this, which will reach many hearts (p. 183):

BEREAVED.

Let me come in where you sit weeping—aye,
Let me, who have not any child to die,
Weep with you for the little one whose love
I have known nothing of.

The little arms that slowly, slowly loosed
Their pressure round your neck; the hands you used
To kiss.—Such arms, such hands I never knew,
May I not weep with you?

Fain would I be of service—say some thing
Between the tears that would be comforting—
But, ah! so sadder than yourselves am I,
Who have no child to die.

We have called attention more than once to the slight but steady improvement in Mr. Madison Cawein's self-criticism, and now note with pleasure that he concedes in his latest preface "the frequent obscurity, superfluity, and exaggerated expression of the earlier works" in his volumes, and has therefore rewritten several poems. This would be very hopeful but for the fact that his new volume, 'Poems of Nature and Love,' is dedicated to Joaquin Miller—an even worse model, surely, than his earlier masters, Poe and Swinburne. The book is full of his usual cheap affluence, perhaps a very little retrenched. He still gives us, to take a verse at random (p. 6):

"There the hazy serpolet,
Dewy cistus, blooming wet,
Blushed on bank and boulder;
There the cyclamen, as wan
As faint footprints of the Dawn,
Carpeted the spotted lawn;
There the nude nymph, dripping drawn,
Basked a peachy shoulder."

Perhaps there was nothing inappropriate, after all, in dedicating this volume to Mr. Miller.

'Bits of Blue,' by Wesley Bissonnette, should be useful reading to Mr. Cawein, for we can sometimes see our own faults best when carried a little further in the person of another. Mr. Bissonnette has the same lush affluence with which Mr. Cawein began, and is as yet no further toned down than to write thus preposterously of "The May-Maid":

"She is a slim-sheathed being, blossom-born,
With gray gold gauzes stirring into sight,
Like misty dresses o'er the shadowy grass,
Swathing her limbs in skeins of slumbery light,
Until the white hot sodder of the morn,
Swelling o'er all the silvery sluices bright,
Seals the chill world in frosty wreaths of glass."

Or this of "The Day-Dream":

"She is a maid of moistest modesty,
Who doth her fairness fragrantly enfold
From the plush palmy pleasures of the sun."

Or this:

"Melts the mute marble! O the musical
The mad maturities!—
Pure pallid poem of a maiden muse
Of mysteries!"

No reference can be given to the pages on which these strange passages (and there are many more of them) occur, because it is one of the eccentricities of the book to be unpaged. But is it not strange that Poe, who of all critics would have handled such exhibitions most savagely, should really be the source of influence to which they are mainly due? And yet there are single poems, like "The Wayside Mill," to show that the author has a genuine imaginative power. Perhaps what he really lacks is a sense of humor that would enable him to see the errors of his less judicious moments.

Another poet who shows some real sensibility and imagination, but has no sense of humor as applied to himself, is Dr. Frederick Peterson, previously known by his Swedish translations, and now author of 'In the Shade of Ygdrasil' (Putnams). It is not possible to pardon much to a man who will put in print such doggerel as the following, even under the title of "The Bluebells' Chorus: Chanson Fantastique" (p. 58):

"Our carillon will carol on
In mellow melody,
To invisible dead Isabelle,
Who is a bell to be."

'The Other Side: An Historic Poem,' by Virginia Fraser Doyle (Riverside Press), is a singular survival of that inexorableness on the part of Southern women which doubtless prolonged the civil war for many months and still makes reconstruction difficult and imperfect. In her preface she defines contemporaneous literature as "the logbook by which the historical mariner can steer off the shoals of narrowness and lift above the fogs of sectionalism the many phases of a heterogeneous people." Her contribution towards this desirable end is a long poem in heroic couplets, in which every Southern soldier of the civil war becomes a picturesque cavalier, and every Union soldier a "brutal hireling," and the two hundred thousand black soldiers who fought for the nation are foolishly classed (p. 17) as

"those poor ebon chattels of his hand—
Enfranchised mockeries—held in the lines
By bayonets that prodded from the rear."

It is a curious indication how the laws of trade are doing more to reunite the nation than can

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be done by the private wrath of man—or woman—that this book was sent to Cambridge, Massachusetts, to be printed.

'For Fifty Years' is a collection of verses, mostly occasional, by the Rev. E. E. Hale, D.D. (Boston: Roberts Bros.). It is distinctively a collection and not a selection; bearing that character of literary odds-and-ends which mars so much of this brilliant man's work. We have found nothing in it so striking as the short translation from Homer called "Neptune Descending" (p. 98), and this is very much impaired by alteration from the form in which it first appeared, many years since, in the collection called 'Thalatta: A Book for the Seaside.' The author has now broken it up into short lines and given it a sort of Hebraic twist, suitable enough for the Psalms of the Old Testament, but peculiarly un-Homeric.

'On the Road Home,' by Margaret E. Sangster (Harpers), is a collection of pure and pleasing poems, thoroughly feminine and domestic, and likely to have many readers and warm friends. There is always a certain attraction in the Scottish dialect, and Mr. James Law, in his 'Dreams o' Hame, and Other Scotch Poems, with a Few Experiments in English Verse' (Paisley and London: Gardner), comes perilously near relying too much on this for the flavor of his volume. He lives apparently at Camden, N. J., but publishes in Scotland. One of the poems is described by Prof. Blackie as a "rich geographical ditty," and this or some other is guardedly and felicitously endorsed by Dr. Holmes as being "characteristic," which may mean much or little. 'Poems and Plays by Donn Piatt' (Cincinnati: Clarke) may certainly be labelled with that epithet; it is a mixture of journalist and politician, and the reader wonders whether the thick volume is the final apotheosis of the Sunday newspaper.

## CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

DESPITE the facts that the Chinese hieroglyphics stamped on the imperial yellow cover of Adele M. Fielde's 'Chinese Nights' Entertainments' (Putnams) are upside down, and that the green dragon looks wonderfully like an American tow-path mule, the interior contents are not disappointing. There are forty stories of indigenous flavor, felicitously translated out of a bulky Chinese novel entitled 'The Strayed Arrow.' Like two-score mirrors, these tales reflect faithfully as many phases of the social, official, commercial, and imaginary life of the Middle Kingdom. The book is so charming, in that translation and condensation take the place of philosophy or comparison, that the title of one of the stories, "Jean Valjean in Cathay," rather mars than improves. Underneath the folk-lore, the exposure of corrupt politicians, the circumvention of wicked purposes, the proper punishment of the naughty, and the liberal rewarding of the good, is a vein of sly wit and dry humor. The story-teller seems to be continually chuckling in his sleeve at seeing the biter bit, and the digger of the pit falling into his own snare. Especially interesting are the illustrations, by modern Chinese artists of one school, their modernness being shown especially in the jin-riki-sha imported from Japan. These pictures, drawn with spirit and finely reproduced, add greatly to the value of the work. Few accessible books give so faithful an epitome of Chinese life.

R. M. Ballantyne's 'Walrus Hunters' (T. Nelson & Sons) is a story for boys, not much better or worse than the other boys' books that have proceeded from this prolific writer. The Eskimo are not like any Eskimo known to travellers, the Indians are similarly unique, and the whole story of their relations to one another is equally removed from fact or probability. If there were such Eskimo and such Indians, it is possible they might act as here represented. Apart from this, the tale is rather amusing, and the narrative has a certain amount of "go" in it, so that the average uncritical boy reader will probably think it "not a bad story."

'Ivar the Viking,' Mr. Du Chaillu's latest contribution to literature (Scribners), is, according to the title-page, "a romantic history based upon authentic facts of the third and fourth centuries." Exactly what is meant by "authentic facts" is, apparently, facts that are neither doubtful by assumption, nor that have, in any way, succumbed to the wear and tear of time and the attacks of the critics. The reader, however, who looks for facts of this sort appertaining to the third and fourth centuries in the present book will be forced upon some other explanation. If the author were in secret possession of some new and startling sources of information not yet revealed to the eyes of the rest of the world, that would be the solution. Manifestly this, also, is untrue, for the source of the material of the book is plainly to be recognized in both of the Eddas and in the Sagas, with the added evidence of antiquarian finds with which we are all familiar. Some few of the elements comprehended under this last category in reality do go back to the specified time, but they are entirely insufficient to found this or any other story upon.

It may be, in fact, asserted that we know almost nothing at all of the Norsemen not only of the third and fourth centuries, but of those succeeding down to the so-called Viking Age, which began with the middle of the eighth century. Even then the material is scanty enough. The oldest of the Eddic songs do not, in all probability, antedate the ninth century, and the Sagas are later. The great body of Mr. Du Chaillu's "authentic facts" is, in reality, derived from the tenth century. Much of his mythology could not possibly be earlier. The picture of Walhalla, for instance, as we have it, is a distinct growth of the Viking Age. What the Norse mythology of the third century was, no man knows, and it is utterly incapable of reconstruction from what we have left of it. If Mr. Du Chaillu had put on his title-page and elsewhere the "tenth century," no reasonable complaint could have been made. There would have been, to be sure, some anachronisms, but they would have weighed comparatively light in the balance, and might easily have been forgiven.

Aside from the inconsistencies noted, and the few others which might possibly be adduced, the story of Ivar the Viking is to be thoroughly recommended to the young readers for whom it is intended. The history of the Norse chieftain begins with his birth, and tells of his fostering away from home, of his education, his expeditions and his voyages, and finally of his accession to rule upon the death of his father. Like the good old-fashioned tales everywhere, it ends with a marriage, and Ivar and his bride sail away home on a dragon-ship. The story is characteristically spirited, and the romantic part, at least, leaves nothing to be desired.

'Robin's Recruit,' by A. G. Plympton (Roberts Bros.), is a short tale of life on a frontier post. The recruit, a man of weak will and desperate, sullen impulses fostered by early wrongs, is won over to a certain degree of self-restraint through the trust and admiration gratuitously bestowed upon him by little Robin, his captain's child, and finally sacrifices his life in an heroic attempt to save the powder-magazine from threatening fire. The book is written in a rather sentimental tone, despite the protest against sentimentality delivered in season and out of season by the blunt faithful servant, Susannah. "I ain't going to have any man sprawling on the parade-ground picking flowers for *me*," is her acknowledgment of a delicate attention.

The stories in Mr. J. T. Trowbridge's new volume, 'Woodie Thorpe's Pilgrimage' (Lee & Shepard), surely sound the depths or scrape the shoals of commonplace. One after another introduces a youthful hero, generally poor and in some doubtful crisis of his career, often encumbered with some personal disadvantage—among others, "grimmy paws" in one case. They severally emerge from their difficulties, sometimes by the exercise of quite astonishing wisdom and virtue, and again through happy accidents and even in spite of their own ill-behavior. "Never mind," the author seems to say, with cheerful optimism; "a boy's a boy for a' that, and bound to turn out well in the end."

Col. T. W. Knox's 'The Boy Travellers in Southern Europe' (Harpers) is characterized by the merits and defects of its numerous predecessors. It contains a large number of well-chosen and generally good pictures of the principal cities of Italy and a few of southern Spain, with an accompanying text, descriptive and historical, closely packed with information, but which the dreary attempts at humor scattered through it cannot make entertaining. An unusual number of slight, but unnecessary, errors, as, Spielgen for Splügen, Trajan for Titus, and *Sir* Randolph Churchill, indicate haste in preparation. It should also be said that the usefulness of the book for reference is almost lost for the lack of an index.

'John Boyd's Adventures' (D. Appleton & Co.), by the same author, is the story of an American sailor in the early part of the present century. He passes through the usual experiences of heroes in sea-stories, is attacked by privateers and pirates, is shipwrecked, and makes an involuntary voyage in an African slaver. His capture by Algerine pirates and imprisonment in Algiers and Tripoli give occasion for an interesting account of some of the episodes in our naval war with the Barbary States. There is a lack of life and color in the story, and there is no originality and very little excitement in it, but it is unobjectionable, John Boyd being a manly fellow who deserves his promotion.

The 'Comic Tragedies,' written by "Jo" and "Meg" and acted by "The Little Women" (Roberts Bros.), come as an aftermath from Miss Alcott's hard-driven pen. They were worth gathering together chiefly as a passport to further intimacy with a mind that has given so much good cheer to other minds, whether young or only still keeping the spirit of youth. There are doubtless readers who will feel a thrill of genuine sentiment at the sight of these stage texts of the windy performances with which Louisa and her less gifted sisters amused themselves in the earlier Concord days, "the happiest of my life." In themselves they show no promise of the sympathy with homely human nature, its every-day hopes and thoughts, which is the constraining charm of her works. Love-lorn Zuleikas, Biancas, and Ianthes run riot on the boards; witches, bandits, black masks, and their ilk make havoc of every shred of congruity or probability. But it was

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"Jo" herself who took the part of ranting villain or disdainful queen, and whose ingenuity made the most of the heterogeneous stage properties graphically described in the "foreword by Meg." This being the case, a volume without intrinsic merit of its own will be sure to find acceptance among readers of all ages and conditions, who will approach it from as many standpoints of interest as there are stages of appreciation of the imaginative faculty and of the value of its productions.

The easy writing and easy thinking of "Susan Coolidge's" stories for girls make them easy reading also. It is quite certain that the young people she has the knack of amusing so pleasantly will get no harm from the bevy of girl acquaintances she gives them. Nor will they often find a hint in her pages that the world is other than a cheerful sort of place, where every nice girl's pudding is sure to contain a matrimonial plum or two, and where common sense and pluck—especially if combined with an instinct for delicate cookery—are tolerably sure to bring their possessor to some good end. In a certain sense life proves to every one very much as he or she takes it, and a stock of comfortable optimism is by no means a bad thing to set out with. From this point of view 'The Barberry Bush' (Roberts Bros.) is an excellent little volume. But for more strenuous ideals a girl must look elsewhere. Intellectual incentive she will not find in any or all of these nine stories, nor will she gain from them that nice feeling for the finished use of her mother-tongue which comes from a familiarity with some of its masters. She may while away pleasant hours with tales thus genially conceived and not ungracefully told, but they will never open up to her the best delights of reading.

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*Alfred, Lord Tennyson, and his Friends:* A Series of 25 Portraits and Frontispiece, etc. London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: Macmillan. 1893.

Among the most important of the holiday books this year is certain to be reckoned this handsome folio volume, of which an edition of 400 numbered copies, 150 for sale in America, has been brought out. The portraits are well-executed photogravures, most of them from the celebrated photographs from life of the late Mrs. Julia Margaret Cameron and those of her son H. H. Hay Cameron. Five of them are from portraits by G. F. Watts, and one, that of Arthur Hallam, is from a bust by Chantrey. There is a short introduction by Mr. Cameron, and Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie contributes some rambling but gracefully written Reminiscences, which give pleasant glimpses of Farringford and of the near-at-hand island studio of Mrs. Cameron and its enthusiastic occupant.

Mrs. Cameron took her art very seriously, and as an art, and it is a little odd to find her writing, as a great portrait-painter might write, of her effort at "recording faithfully the greatness of the inner as well as the features of the outer man" of her illustrious sitters. She seems to have felt that her admiration and insight were communicated in some way to the plates, and to consider her photographs as done with her soul and her eyes rather than with lenses and acids. Never was such a feeling more nearly justified by the results, and never has photography been more nearly transformed into a fine art. This woman, whose own intensely earnest face here looks out at us from Mr. Watts's portrait, by some magic of sympathy, by intelligence of arrangement, by feeling for light and shade, and, above all, by a trick of focussing which gives a certain vagueness of detail, has managed almost to divest photography of its mechanical nature while retaining its convincing accuracy as a record of fact. The result is a portrait-gallery of the highest interest, and one which posterity will value as giving at once the most just and the most artistic presentation of the faces of some of the greatest men of Victorian England. It is to be regretted that we are not told, except in one instance, which of the pictures are by the son, but, as well as we can judge from the date and other evidences, his plates are somewhat more commonplace than the mother's—excellent photographs, but with less individuality of manner.

The volume opens, after a frontispiece or illuminated title by W. A. Smith, in which there is little to praise, with four portraits of the Laureate himself at different ages. The first is Watts's portrait of 1859, dreamy and poetic-looking, but not very real, the author rather than the man. Strongly contrasted with it is the celebrated photograph, taken in 1865 by Mrs. Cameron, which Tennyson himself always spoke of as the "dirty monk." It is haggard and dishevelled, a face of power rather than of sweetness, the shoulders wrapped in an old cloak. There is a complete absence of linen that is slightly unpleasant in suggestion, and probably gave it its name. The head is in nearly full profile, and the high retreating forehead and aquiline nose are well shown. Mrs. Cameron herself said of it that it was "a fit representation of Isaiah or of Jeremiah," and Sir Henry Taylor thought it as fine as Tennyson's finest poem. That of 1866 is mild and combed, with a look as of a Dickens with longer hair. It suggests, too, somehow, the head of Jean François Millet. It is not very striking or individual. Last comes a photograph of 1888, nearly full-faced, with flat velvet cap, and beard now white with age—a strong, mild face that looks steadily at you from under brows and lids that droop less, apparently, than in some of the earlier portraits.

Chantrey's somewhat commonplace and smug-looking bust of Hallam, and Watts's refined but vapory Lady Tennyson, are followed by the magnificent profile of Carlyle which is best known to many by T. Cole's fine engraving published in the *Century* some years since. It is the most remarkable thing in the book, and one of the best portraits in existence. Only the great masters of portraiture have done anything at once so fine in aspect and so convincing in representation of character, and it reminds one rather of Velasquez or Rembrandt than of ordinary photography. It is little wonder that, difficult as Carlyle was about his portraits—calling that by Watts a "flayed horse"—he should have given a grumbling acquiescence to this one as having "something of likeness." Only less impressive than the Carlyle are the melancholy, leonine head of Sir John Herschel, and the vast pent-house brow and snowy beard of Darwin. To turn from these to the portrait of Gladstone by Watts is to realize what we moderns owe to photography. No one could read the character of the "grand old man" in these uncertain and characterless features.

Between Carlyle and Gladstone is Browning's strong face, and after Herschel come a good commonplace photograph of Hallam Tennyson, the present Lord, and one, not so good, of his brother Lionel; Mrs. Cameron herself by Watts and Watts by Mrs. Cameron—a fine portrait, noticeable for the likeness to Titian, which the painter is evidently aware of, and then James Spedding from Watts's drawing—"calm, wise, bald, combining the best features of youth and age," as FitzGerald said. The "forehead," on which FitzGerald joked, and which Thackeray caricatured as a milestone and a rising moon, is very conspicuous, and reaches beyond the crown of the head. Neither FitzGerald himself nor Thackeray is here, more's the pity. Mrs. Cameron would have made something very fine of Thackeray's noble face, one imagines. Americans will prize the portrait of Longfellow and the very fine one of Lowell, and every one will be interested just now in the "cherubic" countenance of Prof. Jowett, a delicate, refined, and kindly face, not without a certain resemblance to Thiers. Besides these, there are Dr. Butler of Trinity, Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie, Dean Bradley, the shrewd, diplomatic-looking face of Lord Dufferin, the homely, heavy-jawed Lecky, and, last of all, the younger Cameron's very fine portrait of Irving as *Becket*. Altogether, this is a book to be thankful for.

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*General Greene.* By Francis Vinton Greene, author of 'The Russian Army and its Campaigns in Turkey in 1877-78,' etc. D. Appleton & Co. 1893. [Great Commanders Series.]

When Jared Sparks says that Gen. Nathanael Greene "may justly be regarded as the most extraordinary man in the Army of the Revolution," it is to be assumed that primary reference is had to the extraordinary circumstances under which he rose to his singular eminence as a soldier. The son of a Quaker preacher, trained "among the most superstitious sort," to use his own words, taught to despise all learning outside of the Bible, to regard all worldly amusements as sinful, and to abhor war as criminal, he early began to collect books, was passionately fond of dancing, had a fancy for military parades, enlisted in the "Kentish Guards," despite three separate warnings from the "Meeting," pored over Cæsar's Campaigns and Turenne's Memoirs, surreptitiously imported a musket from Boston, hired a British deserter from Gen. Gage's army to teach the manual of arms to his train-band comrades, and finally, though only a private in that squad of military rustics, was elected *per saltum* Brigadier-General of the "Army of Observation" raised by the Assembly of Rhode Island in 1775 for the relief of Boston. At the age of thirty we find him lamenting his want of a liberal education, for the want of which, as he said, his mind had been "cramped." At the age of thirty-three we find him suddenly elevated by his fellow-citizens to the most important and responsible station in their gift; and his biographer is compelled to admit that history is silent as to the reasons which induced this extraordinary and sudden promotion.

But history is not silent as to the reasons which subsequently justified it. Among all the generals who, beginning at the siege of Boston, rendered service in the Continental Army, Washington and Greene are the only general officers whose service was continuous. Fiske thinks it not too much to say that Greene was Washington's "right arm" in every campaign, while "for indefatigable industry, for strength and breadth of intelligence, and for unselfish devotion to the public service he was scarcely inferior to the commander-in-chief." Cornwallis, called to measure swords with him in the campaign of the Jerseys, bore a frank tribute to Greene's military capa-

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city. "Greene," he wrote, "is as dangerous as Washington; he is vigilant, enterprising, and full of resources." Alexander Hamilton has praised "the vast, it may be almost said the enormous, powers of his mind," while Robert Morris allowed the language of eulogy to rise into the *aliquid immensum* by saying that he was "an officer who found in his own genius an ample resource for the want of men, money, clothes, arms, and supplies."

Captain Greene brings to this biography a candid, and what, at certain stages of the narrative, becomes a critical, appreciation of the conduct he is here called to review, while the writer's military knowledge has well fitted him to interpret the theory of the movements made in each of the campaigns in which Greene figured. Especially interesting is the description here given of the Southern campaign, in which Greene manœuvred Cornwallis into Virginia and cooped up the remnant of the British army in Charleston.

It is admitted by his biographer that Gen. Greene's exit from the office of Quartermaster-General of the Continental Army "was not as dignified as might have been wished"; but it is pleaded, in partial extenuation of any peevishness he may have shown in retiring from that post, that its duties were very ungrateful to him, and that the provocations he received from his enemies in Congress were great. But undoubtedly the most painful episode in the whole of Gen. Greene's career is the complication in which, towards the end of the Southern campaign, he became involved with a firm of army contractors, in which one Banks was the managing principal. It is known that, without apprising Congress of the fact, Gen. Greene went as security on Banks's paper for the fulfilment of certain contracts, and was fraudulently left in the lurch by that bold operator. To add to Greene's humiliation, it was not only "insinuated" but openly charged that he was a silent partner with Banks in the hard bargain which the latter had driven with the Southern Army, and it came out, in the investigations to which the case led, that two of Greene's aides-de-camp had certainly been in collusion with Banks. From all the evidence in the case, we are perfectly persuaded that Greene was innocent of any confederacy with this rapacious army sutler, but we can hardly concur with the biographer in holding that Greene's "conduct throughout this humiliating incident was dignified and proper *with one single exception*"—the retention of the speculating aides-de-camp in their confidential relations after their complicity with Banks had been detected. This certainly was a grievous error, but the fountain and origin of Greene's whole imprudence was in becoming surety for Banks without at the time giving notice of the fact to Congress. We can see that the motive for this reticence may have been as patriotic as it was seemingly prudential, but the secret compact was made in contravention alike of public duty and of private safety, as the result soon proved. The biographer is entirely correct when he says that the widow of Gen. Greene was "warmly assisted" by Alexander Hamilton, while he was Secretary of the Treasury, in pressing her claim for public relief from the heavy burden which the estate of Greene was called to assume because of the failure and frauds of Banks. But Hamilton, with all his confidence in Greene's probity and in the purity of Greene's motives, could not bring himself to justify an obvious deviation from the ordinary rule of public prudence, and submitted it, "without observation, to the contemplation of legislative discretion."

The appeal to Congress was not made in vain, for in 1796 an act was passed, after full discussion, for the relief of the estate of Gen. Greene from the entanglement with Banks. And so it came to pass, in the end, that the national legislation set its seal to the integrity of Greene, and when it was proposed in the Senate to accompany this act of justice with an insulting proviso, to the effect that the moneys paid for the estate should be reimbursed to the Government "if at any time hereafter it should appear that the said Gen. Greene was interested in this transaction as a member of the house of Hunter, Banks & Co.," the proviso was promptly voted down, because the injurious implication had been negatived in the eyes of candid men by all the disclosures to which the scandal had led.

Capt. Greene writes in a quiet and easy style, but we do not share his predilection for such locutions as "the *balance* of the militia went home," "he withdrew the *balance* of the garrison," when the same thought could be just as well expressed in more reputable English.

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*The Philippine Islands.* By John Foreman. Charles Scribner's Sons.

We should recommend this book to any one who intends to visit the Philippine Islands for a length of time, or who wishes to investigate seriously their history, nature, and resources. We should not recommend it to any one else except to the very patient. Mr. Foreman evidently is at home in his subject; he has lived and travelled in the Philippines for nine years, he has studied and observed, and he furnishes us with much useful information. What a pity that he does not know how to use his material! His book is heavy from beginning to end; facts, figures, and personal experiences dragging along one after another in sleepy succession. Although he shows insight and we respect his opinions, he grasps his ideas clumsily. We miss a sense of proportion, of what is worth saying and what is not. His style, always tiresome, is often positively bad, especially when he attempts fine writing. On the first page we find: "Nor has the subsequent example of colonizing nations served to quench, in spirit, their petrified conservatism." Such an opening is discouraging to the reader who has nearly five hundred large pages ahead of him. Still, we repeat, Mr. Foreman tells us much.

The chief impression we get from his work—and it is also his own—is how little Spain has done in three hundred years with her splendid possessions. Many of the natives are yet unsubdued, none of them are really civilized. It is the usual story of Spanish bigotry and misgovernment. The laws are complicated and bad, brigands abound and are seldom punished, the officials are corrupt, capital and enterprise are lacking and receive no encouragement, and "every impediment possible, in the present day, seems to be placed in the way of trade." The great undeveloped resources are likely long to remain so; but, as in other countries where nature is bountiful, life easy, and modern industrial conditions unknown, there is almost no absolute want. On the whole, we get an unflattering view of the natives. They are incurably lazy, deceitful, and improvident. "In the South there is no way of expressing thanks in native dialect to a donor. . . . Even the best class of natives neither appreciate, nor feel grateful for, nor even seem to understand a spontaneous gift. Apparently, they comprehend the favor when one yields to their asking. The lowest classes never give to each other, unsolicited, a cent's worth. If an European makes voluntary gratuities to the natives, he is considered a fool—they entertain a contempt for him, which develops into intolerable impertinence." On the other hand, they are sober, patient, clean, they are rather honest, and they are brave when well led.

We regret that Mr. Foreman does not appear to be familiar with Java, to which he makes no allusion, though it is the colony of another power that can most fairly be compared with the Philippines. We believe that the Dutch get much the better of the comparison in every respect but one, which, however, the Spaniards probably think the most important of all. *They* have converted their subjects, including many of the Chinese, some of whom have even been admitted to holy orders, whereas the Dutch have not done so. Since the beginning of its history the Church in the Philippines has been all-powerful. "The conquest of this colony was decidedly far more a religious achievement than a military one." At the present day the influence of the parish priests or "friars" is immense, an influence in most cases bitterly opposed to all progress and reform. A great opportunity has been lost. In spite of symptoms of revolt against clerical rule and of a general awakening, we doubt if the islands can now ever hope to attain the prosperity they might once have enjoyed. Formerly the limited supply of tropical products which the world needs was obtained from a few favored countries; but such enormous tracts of tropical land have been recently acquired by European nations that it is hard to see how any such possessions can be very profitable. If any are, the Spanish certainly have not the best chance.

In conclusion, as a curiosity, here is an item in the expenditures that may interest some people in Chicago and elsewhere: "Share of the pension paid to the heir of Christopher Columbus, the Duke of Veragua ($23,400 a year), $3,000."

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*Madoc:* An Essay on the Discovery of America by Madoc ap Owen Gwynedd in the Twelfth Century. By Thomas Stephens. Edited by Llywarch Reynolds. Longmans. 1893. 8vo, pp. xvi-250.

At the Eisteddfod of 1858 a prize was offered for an essay on "The Welsh Discovery of America." Five papers were handed in, of which the present book was one, and it was esteemed much the ablest of all in research and literary skill; but, to save the national pride, it was thrown out, because, taking the ground of a non-discovery, it was held not to be upon the assigned topic. The writer of it has a reputation as the author of the 'Literature of the Kymry.' The essay has not lost by an enforced obscurity of five and thirty years, and is now made public. The question which it discusses has long been settled in the estimation of careful historical students who can weigh evidence, and the subject can well pass into oblivion under the impression which this treatment of it makes. The book in one sense is not a good one, because the author's method involves so much repetition, and the magnitude of the book is consequently out of proportion to the task given to him. He divides the matter into three sections. In the first he states the various so-called evidences, bardic and otherwise. In the second he follows down the critical literature of the topic based on these evidences. In the third he goes over the material of the first and second sections in the light of his own judgment. In this way pretty much the

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same material is three times laid before the reader.

The examination of what is called the bardic proofs shows that perversion, garbling, and substitution have been the triple method of making these evidences serve an affirmative purpose. Mr. Stephens makes it clear that there is no contemporary historical evidence, and that legendary stories on the subject had no reference to Western discoveries until after the exploits of Columbus were known, when incidents, in some ways very like the experiences of the Genoese, were engrafted upon the legend. He then examines, at so great a length as to overdo the matter, the hollowness and hearsay character of the innumerable stories which have prevailed since the middle of the last century, of Welsh Indians among our aborigines, presumably descendants of Madoc's companions; and he disposes of them one by one as presumptions or falsities. Humboldt sixty years ago dismissed the question with the assurance that the main features of the story were quite possible, as indeed they are, and the authority of his great name has ever since been evoked in support of the claim by the same sort of minds as those which get a polite acknowledgment of their new book and think they have got a critical commendation.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Across France in a Caravan. 2d ed. Randolph. $4.50.
Adams, C. F. Massachusetts: Its Historians and its History. An Object-Lesson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.
Adams, Rev. H. A. The Larger Life. J. S. Tait & Sons. $1.
Alden, Mrs. G. R. Stephen Mitchell's Journey. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. $1.50.
Alden, W. L. Told by the Colonel. J. S. Tait & Sons. $1.25.
Aldrich, T. B. An Old Town by the Sea. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.
Burt, H. M., and S. W. Life and Times of Henry Burt of Springfield, and Some of his Descendants. Springfield, Mass.: Clark W. Bryan Co.
Butler, E. A. Our Household Insects. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.
Campbell, Mrs Helen. Women Wage-Earners. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.
Cambridge Sermons: Preached before the University in St. Mary's Church, 1889-92. London: Methuen & Co.
Carus, Paul. Primer of Philosophy. Chicago: *Open Court* Publishing Co. $1.
Castlemon, Harry. Rodney, the Overseer. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.
Denison, Mary A. The Romance of a Schoolboy. St. Paul: Price-McGill Co.
Dodge, Col. T. A. Riders of Many Lands. Harpers. $4.
Douglas, Amanda M. Lyndell Sherburne. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Edgeworth, Maria. Leonora.—Ennui. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Each $1.
Elliot, Frances. Old Court Life in France. 2 vols. Putnams. $4.
Etheridge, Mary L. Dick and Joe; or, Two of a Kind. Boston: De Wolfe, Fiske & Co.
Fluegel, Rev. Maurice. Spirit of the Biblical Legislation. Baltimore: The Author.
Freeman, E. A. Studies of Travel: Greece, Italy. 2 vols. Putnams. $1.50.
Galton, Sir Douglas. Healthy Hospitals: Observations on some Points connected with Hospital Construction. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan.
Gatty, Mrs. Alfred. Parables from Nature. 2 vols. Putnams. $3.50.
Geikie, Sir Archibald. Text Book of Geology. 3d ed., revised and enlarged. Macmillan. $7.50.
Goodhart, Prof. H. C. The Eighth Book of Thucydides's History. Macmillan. $1.90
Howard, Blanche W. No Heroes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 75 cents.
Howells, W. D. Evening Dress. Harpers. 50 cents.
Howells, W. D. The Coast of Bohemia. Harpers. $1.50.
Hubert, P. G., Jr. Inventors. [Men of Achievement.] Scribners. $2.
Innes, A. D. Seers and Singers: A Study of Five English Poets. London: A. D. Innes & Co.
Ireland, Dr. W. W. The Blot upon the Brain: Studies in History and Psychology. 2d ed. Edinburgh: Bell & Bradfute; New York: Putnams. $3.
Irving, Washington. Knickerbocker's History of New York. 2 vols. Putnams. $6.
Jewett, Sarah O. Deephaven. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.50.
Jacobs, Joseph. More English Fairy Tales. London: D. Nutt; New York: Putnams. $1.75.
Knight, E. F. Where Three Empires Meet. 3d ed. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50.
Lang, Andrew. The True Story Book. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.
Lavisse, Prof. Ernest, and Rambaud, Prof. Alfred. *L'Europe Féodale; les Croisades. 1095-1270.* [Histoire Générale du IVe Siècle à nos Jours. Tome II.] Paris: Armand Colin & Cie.
Leslie, Emma. Lady Marjorie: A Countess of New England. Hunt & Eaton. 80 cents.
Lightfoot, Rev. J. B. Biblical Essays. Macmillan. $3.
Moeller, Prof. Wilhelm. History of the Christian Church in the Middle Ages. London: Sonnenschein; New York: Macmillan. $3.75.
Munroe, Kirk. The Coral Ship: A Story of the Florida Reef. Putnams. $1.25.
Newell, P. S. Topsys and Turveys. Century Co. $1.
Optic, Oliver. American Boys Afloat. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.25.
Optic, Oliver. A Victorious Union. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.50.
Payne, F. M. Law at a Glance. Excelsior Publishing Co.
Pentecost, Rev. G. F. Bible Studies. F. H. Revell Co. $1.
Robinson, C. E. A Concise History of the Shakers. East Canterbury, N. H.: The Author.
Robinson, Rev. C. S. Annotations upon Popular Hymns. Hunt & Eaton. $2.50.
Rouse, Lydia L. Only Judith. Hunt & Eaton. 85 cents.
Sienkiewicz, H. Yanko the Musician, and Other Stories. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.25.
Simcox, Rev. W. H. The Revelation of St. John. Cambridge: University Press; New York: Macmillan. $1.25.
Simmel, Georg. Einleitung in die Moralwissenschaft. Vol. II. Berlin: Wilhelm Hertz.
Snow, Freeman. Cases and Opinions on International Law. Boston: Boston Book Co. $3.50.
Southworth, Mrs. E. D. E. N. A Skeleton in the Closet. Robert Bonner's Sons. $1.
Southworth, Mrs. E. D. E. N. Fair Play. M. J. Ivers & Co. 25 cents.
Spencer, Herbert. The Inadequacy of "Natural Selection." Appletons. 30 cents.
Sterrett, Prof. J. McB. The Ethics of Hegel. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.10.
Stoddard, W. O. Guert Ten Eyck: A Hero Story. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. $1.50.
Symonds, J. A. Essays, Speculative and Suggestive. London: Chapman & Hall; New York: Scribners. New ed. in one vol. $3.
Teal, Angelina. The Rose of Love. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.
Terry, Rev. M. S. The Prophecies of Daniel Expounded. Hunt & Eaton. 75 cents.
The Tuxedo Reciter. Excelsior Publishing Co. $1.
Tod, S. B. A Hillside Parish. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.
Trollope, Anthony. The Duke's Children. 3 vols. Phineas Redux. 3 vols. The Prime Minister. 3 vols. Dodd, Mead & Co. Per set $3.75.
Vigny, Alfred de. Cinq-Mars; ou, Une Conjuration sous Louis XIII. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 95 cents.
Ward, L. F. The Psychic Factors of Civilization. Boston: Ginn & Co. $2.
Warner, C. D. As We Go. Harpers. $1.
Willoughby, E. F. Handbook of Public Health and Demography. Macmillan. $1.50.
Wingate, Maj. F. R. Ten Years' Captivity in the Mahdi's Camp. *Revised and abridged ed. London:* Sampson Low, Marston & Co.; New York: Scribners. $2.
Winter, J. S. The Soul of the Bishop. J. S. Tait & Sons. $1.25.
Wyatt, C. H. The English Citizen, his Life and Duties. Macmillan. 75 cents.


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